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5

PREFACE

THE design of this little work is fully indicated upon its title page; it makes no claim to a standing among musical classics.

Some little experience in the field of parochial missions has been suggestive of a few ideas regarding the musical needs of that work, which ideas I have here endeavored to realize, I trust with some degree of success. It also seemed advisable to make this work sufficiently comprehensive to be available for other uses, that it need not be cast aside at the close of a mission, and indeed might be used in parishes where a mission may possibly never be held. I venture the hope that this effort may be accepted by the Church in the same spirit that prompts its presentation.

I must express my obligation to friends who have so kindly aided me, and especially to Egbert Phelps, Esq., author of the "SEVEN WORDS" hymns.

May this little book do good service for CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH!

CHARLES R. HODGE.

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY, NEW LENOX, ILL.
S. Matthias' Day, A. D., 1890.

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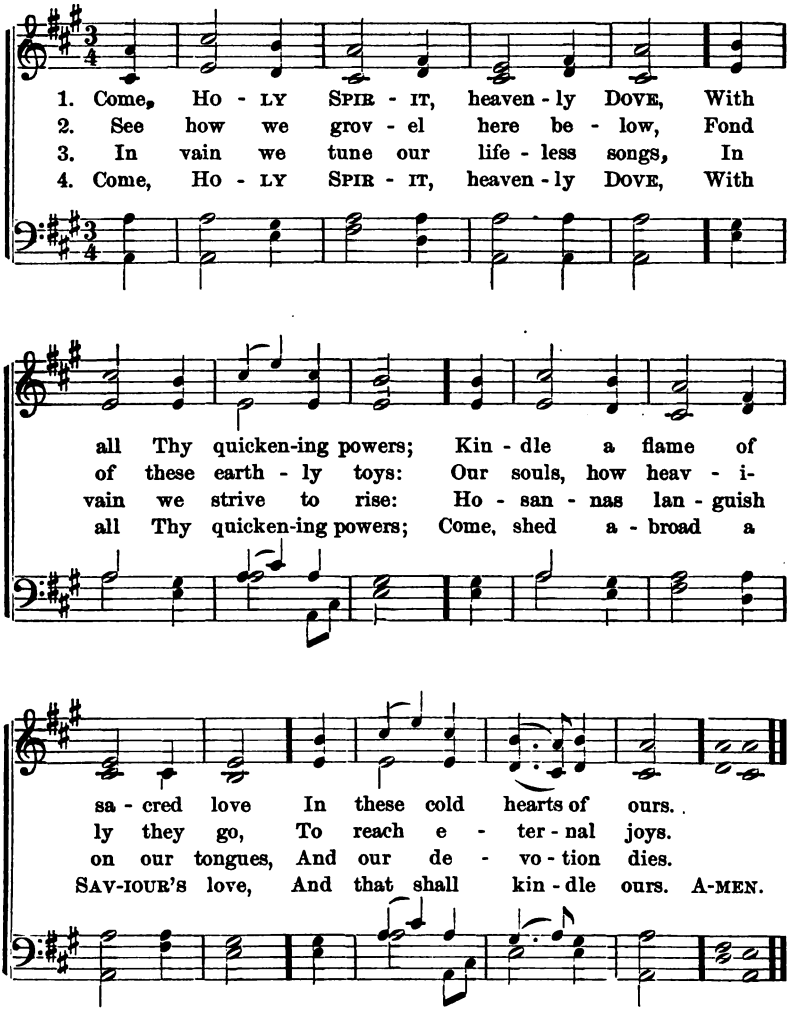
MISSION HYMNS.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

Balerma. C. M. Scotch Air.


1. Come, Ho - LY SPIR - IT, heaven - ly DOVE, With all Thy quicken-ing powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys: Our souls, how heav - i- ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise: Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
4. Come, Ho - LY SPIR - IT, heaven - ly DOVE, With all Thy quicken-ing powers; Come, shed a - broad a SAV-IOUR'S love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A-MEN.

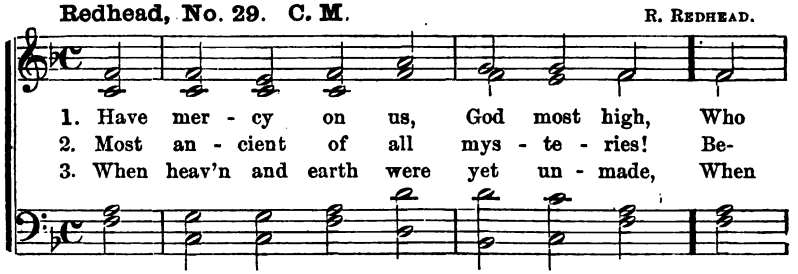
2. O Spirit of the living God.

Duke Street. L. M. J. Hatton.

1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the
3. Be dark-ness, at Thy com - ing, light; Con - fu - sion,
4. Con - vert the na - tions! far and nigh The tri-umphs
plen - i - tude of grace, Wher-e'er the foot of man hath
rec - on - cil - ing word; Give pow'r and unc - tion from a-
or - der, in Thy path, Souls with-out strength in - spire with
of the Cross re - cord; The name of Je - sus glo - ri-
trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.
bove, Wher-e'er the joy - ful sound is heard.
might; Bid mer - cy tri - umph o - ver wrath.
fy, Till ev - 'ry peo - ple call Him Lord. A - men.

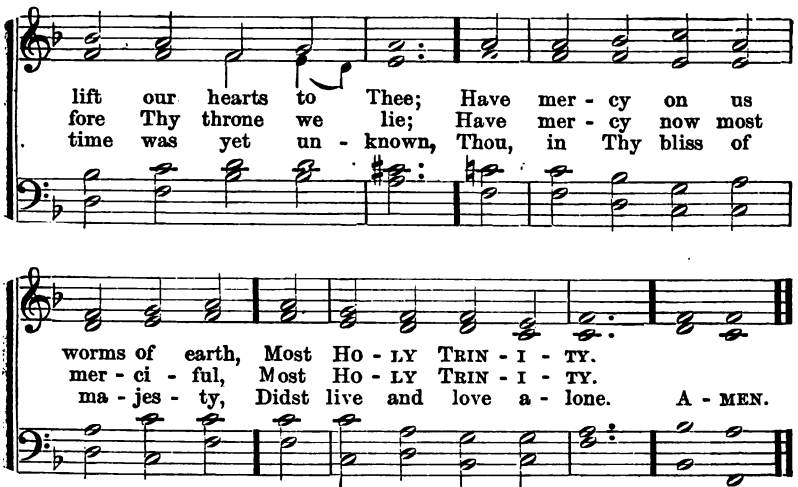
3. Have mercy on us, God most high.

Redhead, No. 29. C. M. R. Redhead.



Invocation.

Have mercy on us—*Concluded.*

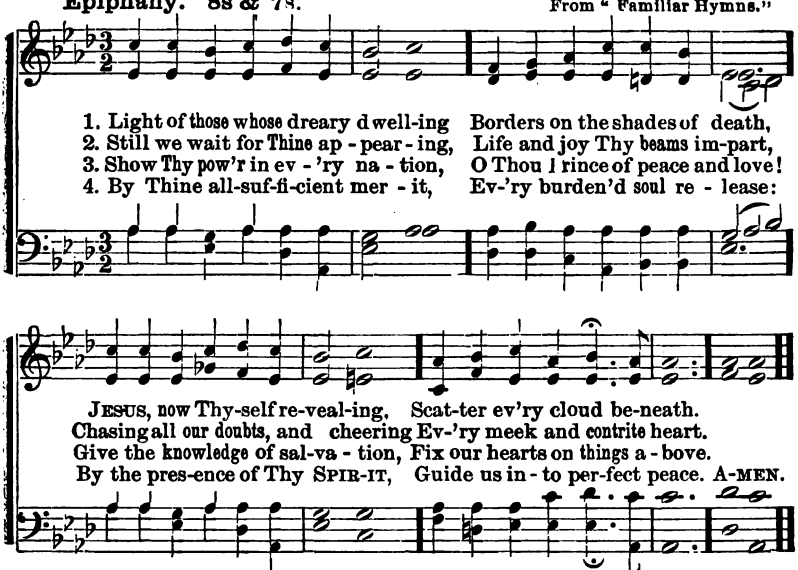

lift our hearts to Thee; Have mer - cy on us
fore Thy throne we lie; Have mer - cy now most
time was yet un - known, Thou, in Thy bliss of
worms of earth, Most Ho - LY TRIN - I - TY.
mer - ci - ful, Most Ho - LY TRIN - I - TY.
ma - jes - ty, Didst live and love a - lone. A - MEN.

4. How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And oh, what then must Thou be
Eternal loveliness! [like,

5. Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most HOLY TRINITY. A-MEN.

4. Light of those whose dreary dwelling.

Epiphany. 8s & 7s. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Light of those whose dreary dwell-ing Borders on the shades of death,
2. Still we wait for Thine ap - pear - ing, Life and joy Thy beams im-part,
3. Show Thy pow'r in ev - 'ry na - tion, O Thou Prince of peace and love!
4. By Thine all-suf-fi-cient mer - it, Ev-'ry burden'd soul re - lease:
JESUS, now Thy-self re-veal-ing, Scat-ter ev'ry cloud be-neath.
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering Ev-'ry meek and contrite heart.
Give the knowledge of sal-va - tion, Fix our hearts on things a - bove.
By the pres-ence of Thy SPIR-IT, Guide us in - to per-fect peace. A-MEN.

Invocation.

5. Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.

Veni Sancte Spiritus Three 7s. D.

1. Come, Thou Ho - LY SPIR - IT come; And from Thine e-
2. Thou of Com - fort - ers the best, Thou the soul's most
3. O most Bless - ed Light Di - vine, Shine with - in these
ter - nal home Shed the ray of light di - vine;
wel - come Guest, Sweet Re - fresh - ment here be - low!
hearts of Thine, And our in - most be - ing fill;
Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come, Thou source of
In our la - bor rest most sweet, Grate - ful shad - ow
If Thou take Thy grace a - way, Noth - ing pure in
all our store, Come, with - in our bo - soms shine.
from the heat, Sol - ace in the midst of woe!
man will stay, All our good is turned to ill. A - MEN.

4. Heal our wounds; our strength renew:
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

5. On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, LORD,
Give them joys that never end.
AMEN.

Invocation.

6. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

Troyte's Chant. L. M. TROYTE. (arr.)

1. Come, HO-LY GHOST, our souls in - spire, And light-en with ce-
2. Thy bles-sed unc - tion from a - bove Is comfort, life, and
3. Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the a - bund - ance
4. Teach us to know the FATHER, SON, And Thee of both to
les - tial fire, Thou the an - oint - ing SPIR - IT
fire of love. En - a - ble with per - pet - ual
of Thy grace. Keep far our foes, give peace at
be but One, That, thro' the a - ges all a -
art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im - part.
light The dull - ness of our blind - ed sight.
home: Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
long, This may be our un - end - ing song;
5. Praise to Thy e-ter-nal mer-it, FATHER, SON and HO-LY SPIR-IT. A - MEN.

Invocation.

7. Sinners! turn, why will ye die?

* **Manhattan. 7s. D.**

1. Sinners! turn, why will ye die? GOD, your MAKER, asks you why:
2. Sinners! turn, why will ye die? GOD, your SAVIOUR, asks you why:
3. Sinners! turn, why will ye die? GOD, the SPIRIT, asks you why:
GOD, Who did your be-ing give, Made you with Himself to live:
He, Who did your souls re-trieve, Died Him-self that you might live:
He, Who all your lives hath strove, Woo'd you to embrace His love:
He the fa-tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands:
Will you let Him die in vain? Cru-ci-fy your LORD a-gain?
Will ye not His grace re-ceive? Will ye still re-fuse to live?
Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
Why, ye ran-somed sinners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die?
O, ye dy-ing sinners, why, Why will ye for-ev-er die?

8. I gave My life for thee.

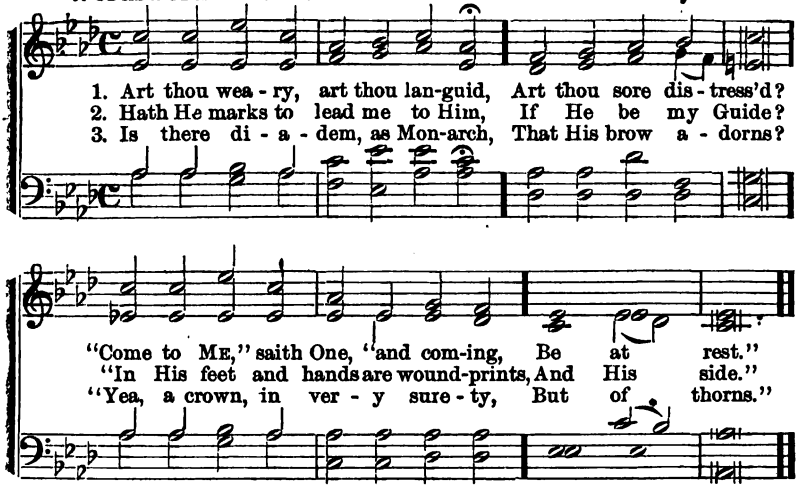
*For thee.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou might ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left for earth-ly night, For wanderings sad and lone;
Of bit - terest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;
I gave My life for thee, For thee, for thee,
I left it all for thee, For thee, for thee,
I've borne it all for thee, For thee, for thee;
This have I done for thee, For thee, for thee;
Ritard.
What hast thou giv'n for Me? What hast thou giv'n for Me?
Hast thou left aught for Me? Hast thou left aught for Me?
What hast thou borne for Me? What hast thou borne for Me?
What hast thou done for Me? What hast thou done for Me?

Invitation.

9. Art thou weary, art thou languid?

Wordsworth. P. M. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon-arch, That His brow a - dorns?
"Come to ME," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

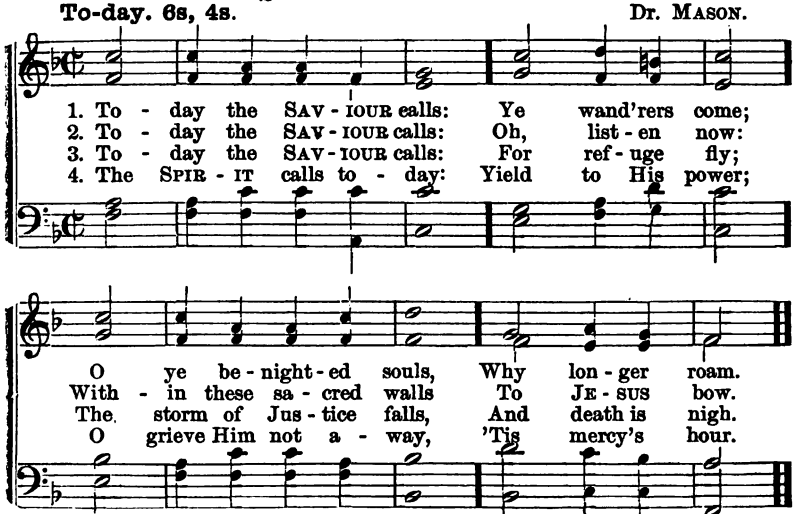
5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7. Finding, following, keeping, strug-
Is He sure to bless? [gling,
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

10. To-day the Saviour calls.

To-day. 6s, 4s. Dr. MASON.


1. To - day the SAV - IOUR calls: Ye wand'rers come;
2. To - day the SAV - IOUR calls: Oh, list - en now:
3. To - day the SAV - IOUR calls: For ref - uge fly;
4. The SPIR - IT calls to - day: Yield to His power;
O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam.
With - in these sa - cred walls To JE - SUS bow.
The storm of Jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mercy's hour.

11. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.

***Black River. 8s, 7s, 4.**

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and
2. Come, ye need - y, come and wel - come, GOD'S free
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and
wound - ed, sick and sore: JE - SUS read - y stands to
boun - ty glo - ri - fy; True be - lief and true re-
ru - in'd by the fall, If you tar - ry till you're
save you, And His heart with love runs o'er; He is
pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh, With-out
bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all: Not the
a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
mon - ey, with-out mon - ey, Come to JE-SUS CHRIST and buy.
right - eous, not the right-eous, Sin-ners, JE-SUS came to call.

4. Agonizing in the garden,
Your REDEEMER prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finish'd! it is finish'd!
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5. Lo! the incarnate GOD ascending,
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but JESUS, none but JESUS
Can do helpless sinners good.

12. In the silent midnight watches.

*Ladayan. 8s, 5s, D

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bo-som's door!
2. Death comes down with reck-less foot-steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en-treat-ing CHRIST to let thee in;
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knock-eth ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wail - ing for thy sin!
Say not 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
JE - SUS waiteth, waiteth, wait-eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y crea-ture, Hast thou, then, for - got?
rit.
'Tis the SAVIOUR knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let Me in!"
Grieved, a-way thy SAV-IOUR go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
JE - SUS waited long to know thee, Now He knows thee not.

Invitation.

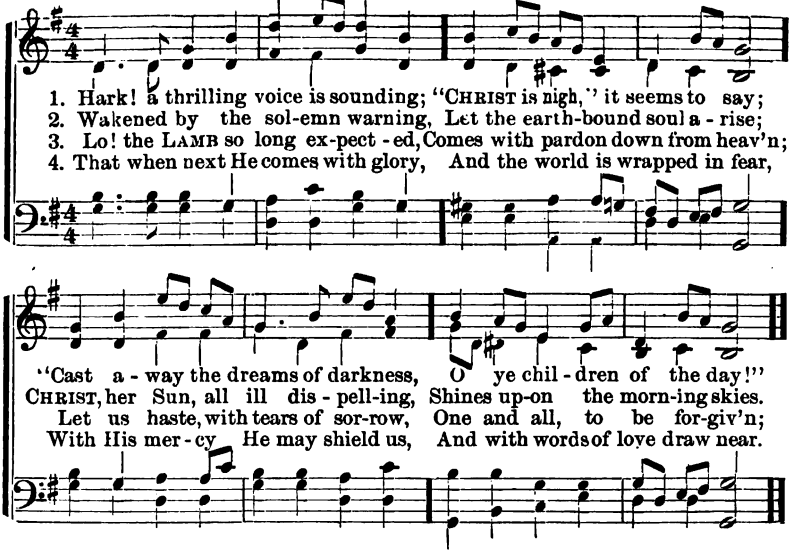
13 Go to dark Gethsemane.

*Campbell. Six 7s.

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the
2. Fol - low to the judg-ment - hall; View the LORD of
3. Calvary's mourn-ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing
tempt - er's power, Your RE - DEEM - ER'S con - flict see,
life ar-raign'd; O the worm - wood and the gall!
at His feet, Mark the mir - a - cle of time,
Watch with Him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from His
O the pangs His soul sus-tain'd! Shun not suf - f'ring,
GOD'S own sac - ri - fice com - plete; "It is fin-ished!"
griefs a - way, Learn of JE - SUS CHRIST to pray.
shame, or loss, Learn of Him to bear the cross.
hear Him cry; Learn of JE - SUS CHRIST to die. A - MEN.

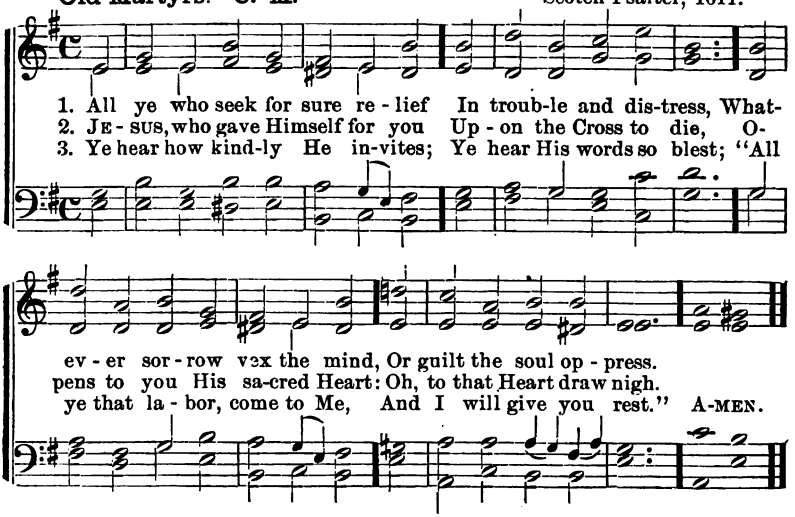
14. Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.

Advent. 8s. 7s. Anon.


1. Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding; "CHRIST is nigh," it seems to say;
2. Wakened by the sol-emn warning, Let the earth-bound soul a - rise;
3. Lo! the LAMB so long ex-pect - ed, Comes with pardon down from heav'n;
4. That when next He comes with glory, And the world is wrapped in fear,
"Cast a - way the dreams of darkness, O ye chil - dren of the day!"
CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dis - pell-ing, Shines up-on the morn-ing skies.
Let us haste, with tears of sor-row, One and all, to be for-giv'n;
With His mer - cy He may shield us, And with words of love draw near.

15. All ye who seek for sure relief.

Old Martyrs. C. M. Scotch Psalter, 1611.


1. All ye who seek for sure re - lief In troub-le and dis-tress, What-
2. JE - SUS, who gave Himself for you Up - on the Cross to die, O-
3. Ye hear how kind-ly He in-vites; Ye hear His words so blest; "All
ev - er sor - row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op - press.
pens to you His sa-cred Heart: Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.
ye that la - bor, come to Me, And I will give you rest." A-MEN.

4. O JESUS, Joy of saints on high,
Thou Hope of sinners here;
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer:—

5. Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow. AMEN.

Invitation.

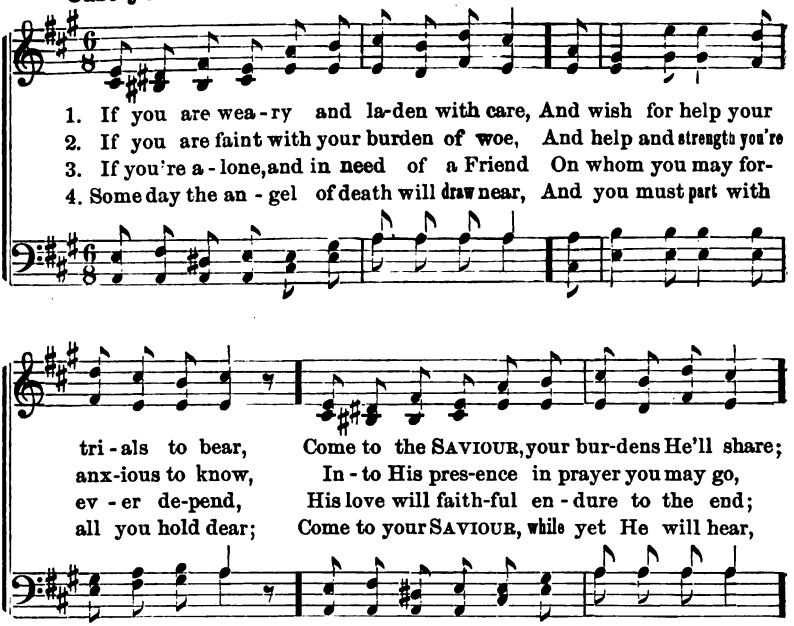
16. Wanderer, bring your aching heart.

*The Foot of the Cross.

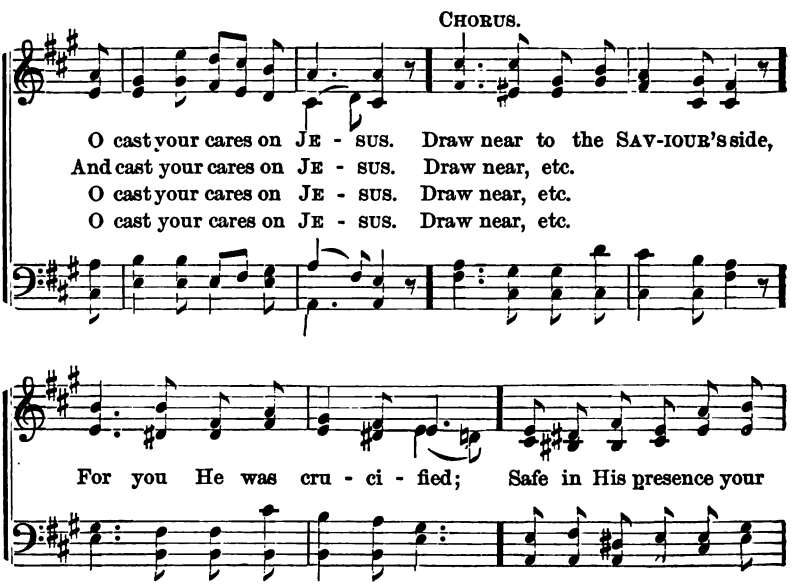
1. Wand'rer, bring your aching heart To the foot of the Cross;
2. Thith-er cast your load of sin, At the foot of the Cross;
3. Love, and peace, and grace a-bound, At the foot of the Cross;
4. Wand'rer, come; make no de - lay, To the foot of the Cross;
JE-SUS takes the sinner's part At the foot of the Cross.
And a bet - ter life be - gin At the foot of the Cross.
Joy and par - don, too, are found At the foot of the Cross.
Tread the straight and narrow way, To the foot of the Cross.
There He in - ter-cedes for you At the foot of the Cross;
O sal - va - tion flow-eth free From the foot of the Cross;
Bring your sor - row and your grief To the foot of the Cross;
If your heart to GOD is given, At the foot of the Cross;
O His love and mer-cy view, At the foot of the Cross.
JE-SUS pleads for you and me, At the foot of the Cross.
You will find a sure re - lief, At the foot of the Cross.
You will learn the joys of heaven, From the foot of the Cross.

17. If you are weary and laden with care.

*Cast your Cares on Jesus.

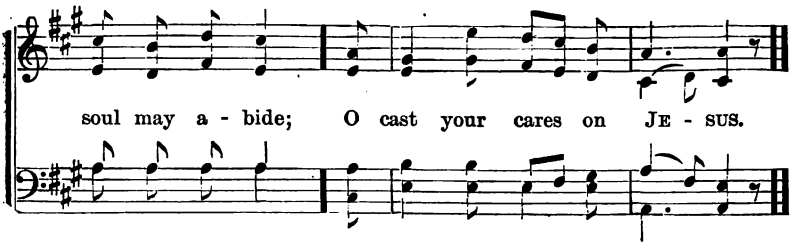

1. If you are wea-ry and la-den with care, And wish for help your
2. If you are faint with your burden of woe, And help and strength you're
3. If you're a-lone, and in need of a Friend On whom you may for-
4. Some day the an-gel of death will draw near, And you must part with
tri-als to bear, Come to the SAVIOUR, your bur-dens He'll share;
anx-ious to know, In-to His pres-ence in prayer you may go,
ev-er de-pend, His love will faith-ful en-dure to the end;
all you hold dear; Come to your SAVIOUR, while yet He will hear,

CHORUS.


O cast your cares on JE-SUS. Draw near to the SAV-IOUR'S side,
And cast your cares on JE-SUS. Draw near, etc.
O cast your cares on JE-SUS. Draw near, etc.
O cast your cares on JE-SUS. Draw near, etc.
For you He was cru-ci-fied; Safe in His presence your

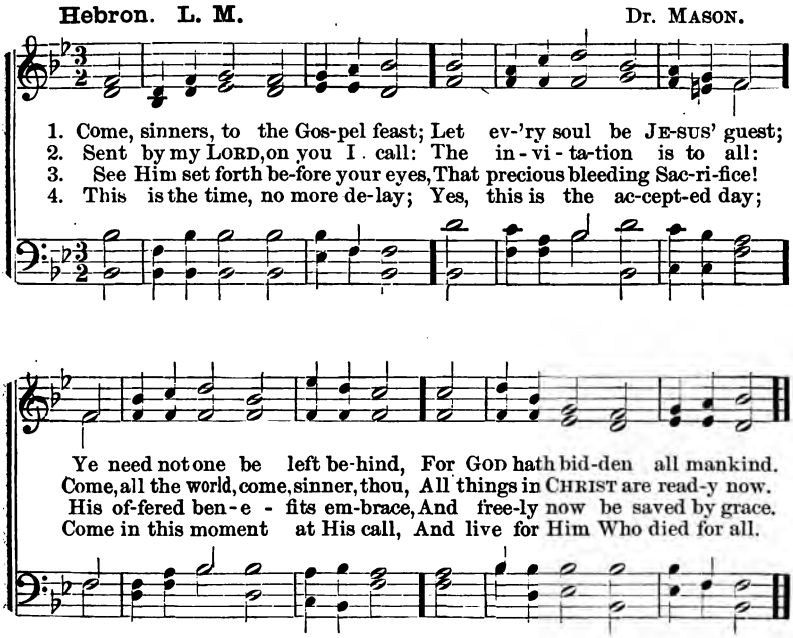
Invitation.

If you are weary—*Concluded.*



18. Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast.

Hebron. L. M. Dr. MASON.


1. Come, sinners, to the Gos-pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be JE-SUS' guest;
2. Sent by my LORD, on you I call: The in - vi - ta-tion is to all:
3. See Him set forth be-fore your eyes, That precious bleeding Sac-ri-fice!
4. This is the time, no more de-lay; Yes, this is the ac-cept-ed day;
Ye need not one be left be-hind, For GOD hath bid-den all mankind.
Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou, All things in CHRIST are read-y now.
His of-fered ben - e - fits em-brace, And free-ly now be saved by grace.
Come in this moment at His call, And live for Him Who died for all.

19. O turn not from thy Lord away.

Tune 18.

1. O turn not from thy LORD away,
But rather on thy bended knee
For mercy and forgiveness pray,
He will be merciful to thee.

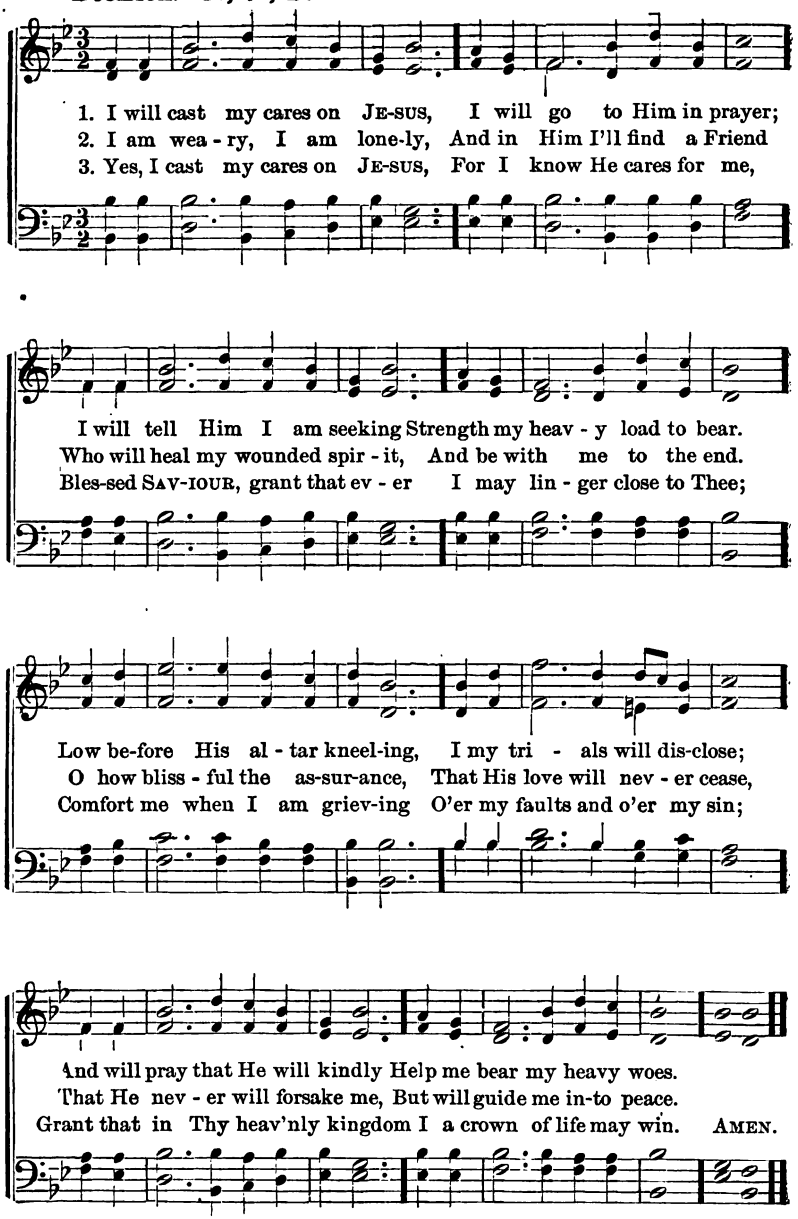
2. Thy sins! O what a fearful load
To carry with thee to the grave!
Trust in the mercy of thy GOD
Who will the sorrowing sinner save.

3. Do not delay another hour,
But trust Him with thy burden now;
Submit to His forgiving power,
And here before Him humbly bow.

4. And as thy tears of sorrow flow,
In mercy He will hear thy cry,
His pardoning grace He will bestow;
O sinner, come! while help is nigh.

20. I will cast my cares on Jesus.

***Decision. 8s, 7s, D.**


1. I will cast my cares on JE-SUS, I will go to Him in prayer;
2. I am wea - ry, I am lone-ly, And in Him I'll find a Friend
3. Yes, I cast my cares on JE-SUS, For I know He cares for me,
I will tell Him I am seeking Strength my heav - y load to bear.
Who will heal my wounded spir - it, And be with me to the end.
Bles-sed SAV-IOUR, grant that ev - er I may lin - ger close to Thee;
Low be-fore His al - tar kneel-ing, I my tri - als will dis-close;
O how bliss - ful the as-sur-ance, That His love will nev - er cease,
Comfort me when I am griev-ing O'er my faults and o'er my sin;
And will pray that He will kindly Help me bear my heavy woes.
That He nev - er will forsake me, But will guide me in-to peace.
Grant that in Thy heav'nly kingdom I a crown of life may win. AMEN.

21. O Jesus, Thou art standing.

*Fischer. 7s, 6s. D.

1. O JE - SUS, Thou art standing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O JE - SUS, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
3. O JE - SUS, Thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low,
In low-ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thres-hold o'er:
And thornsThy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd:
"I died for you, My child-ren, And will ye treat Me so?"
We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear: O
O love that passeth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait! O
O LORD, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door: Dear
rall.
shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him standing there.
sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
SAV-IOUR, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

22. Stay, Thou long-suffering Spirit, stay.

Windham L. M. READ.

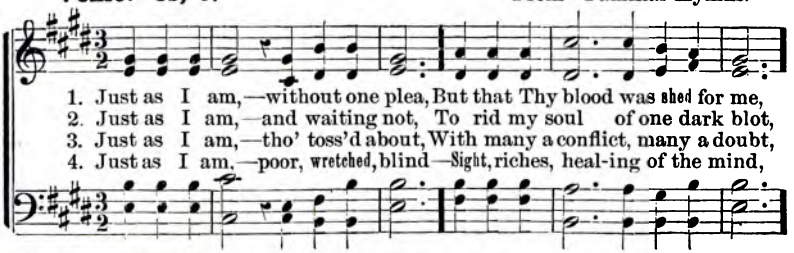
1. Stay, Thou long - suf - f'ring SPIR - IT, stay, Though I have done Thee such de - spite; Nor cast the sin - ner quite a-way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last - ing flight.
2. Though I have most un - faith - ful been, And long in vain Thy grace re - ceived; Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy good - ness grieved;
3. Yet O the mourn - ing sin - ner spare, In hon - our of my great High-Priest; Nor in Thy right - eous an - ger swear T'ex - clude me from Thy peo - ple's rest. A - MEN.

4. My weary soul, O GOD, release;
Uphold me with Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

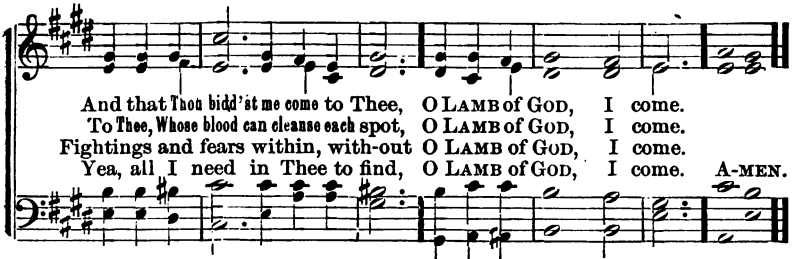
5. I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.
[AMEN.

23. Just as I am,—without one plea.

Venio. 8s, 6. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Just as I am,—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am,—and waiting not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,—tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,

Just as I am—*Concluded.*

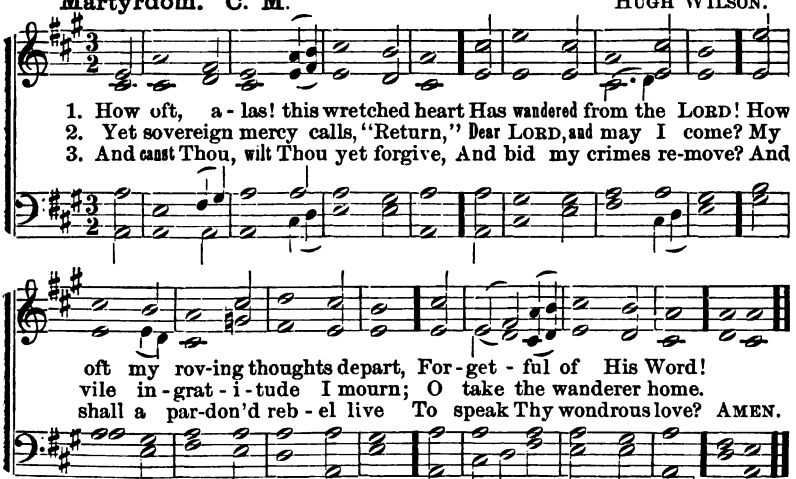

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O LAMB of GOD, I come.
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O LAMB of GOD, I come.
Fightings and fears within, with-out O LAMB of GOD, I come.
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O LAMB of GOD, I come. A-MEN.

5. Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

6. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O LAMB of GOD, I come. AMEN.

24. How oft, alas! this wretched heart.

Martyrdom. C. M. HUGH WILSON.


1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the LORD! How
2. Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return," Dear LORD, and may I come? My
3. And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes re-move? And
oft my rov-ing thoughts depart, For-get - ful of His Word!
vile in-grat - i-tude I mourn; O take the wanderer home.
shall a par-don'd reb - el live To speak Thy wondrous love? AMEN.

4. Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5. Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear SAVIOUR, I adore:
O keep me at Thy sacred feet;
And let me rove no more. AMEN.

25. As o'er the past my memory strays.

Tune 24.

1. As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

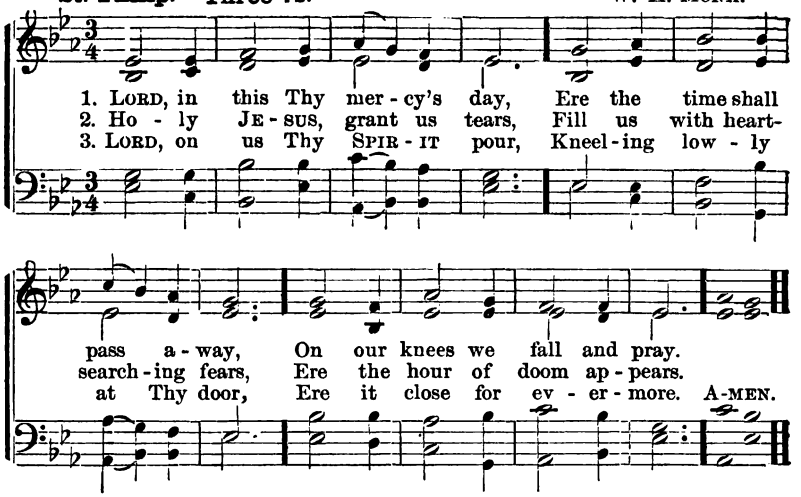
2. The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.

3. Yet, holy FATHER, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4. My life's brief remnant all be Thine;
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee. AMEN.

26. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.

St. Philip. **Three 7s.** W. H. MONK.


1. LORD, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall
2. Ho - ly JE - SUS, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-
3. LORD, on us Thy SPIR - IT pour, Kneel - ing low - ly
pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
search - ing fears, Ere the hour of doom ap - pears.
at Thy door, Ere it close for ev - er - more. A-MEN.

4. By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

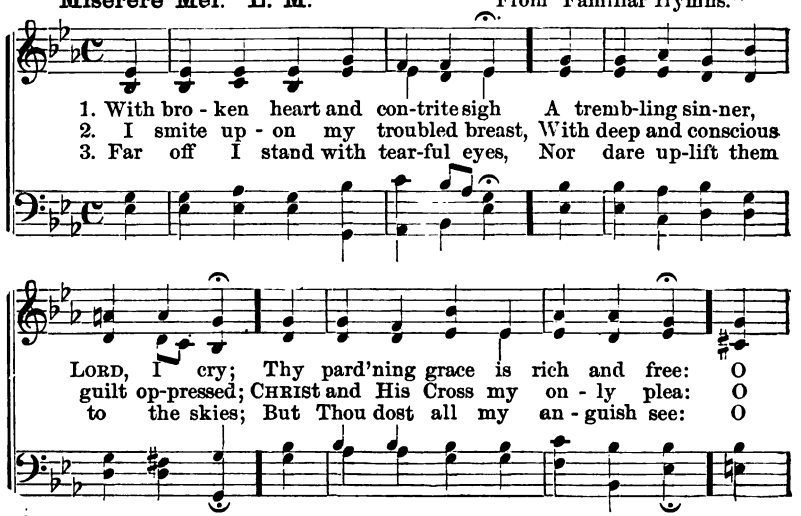
5. By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6. JUDGE and SAVIOUR of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7. On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.
AMEN.

27. With broken heart and contrite sigh.

Miserere Mei. **L. M.** From "Familiar Hymns."


1. With bro - ken heart and con-trite sigh A tremb-ling sin-ner,
2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious
3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare up-lift them
LORD, I cry; Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free: O
guilt op-pressed; CHRIST and His Cross my on - ly plea: O
to the skies; But Thou dost all my an - guish see: O

With broken heart—*Concluded.*

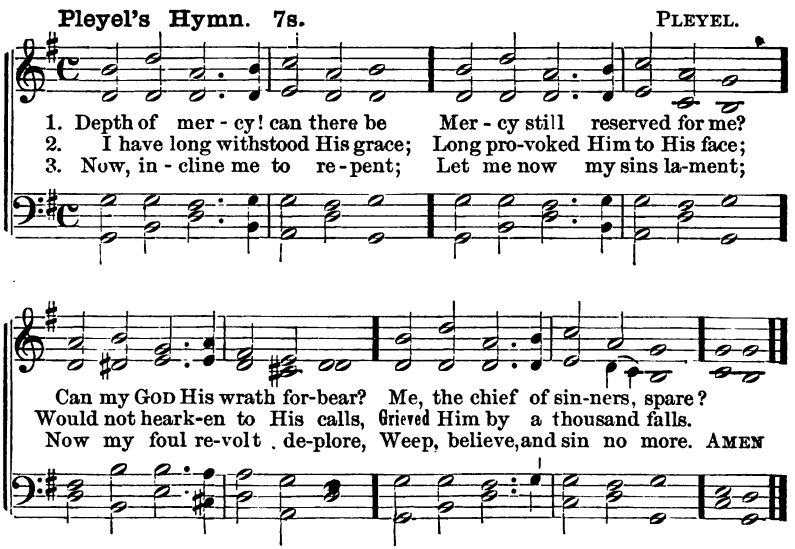
God, be mer - ci - ful to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
God, be mer - ci - ful to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
God, be mer - ci - ful to me, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.

4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God be merciful to me.

5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

28. Depth of mercy! can there be.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. PLEYEL.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long pro-voked Him to His face;
3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re-volt . de-plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more. AMEN

29. Hasten, sinner! to be wise.

Tune 28.

1. Hasten, sinner! to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2. Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3. Hasten, sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4. Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

30. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.

Streator. C. M. From "Familiar Hymns."

1. Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where
2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With
3. Bow'd down be - neath a load of sin, By
JE - SUS an - swers prayer; There hum - bly fall be-
this I ven - ture nigh; Thou call - est bur - den'd
Sa - tan sore - ly press'd, By wars with - out, and
fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
souls to Thee, And such, O LORD, am I.
fears with-in, I come to Thee for - rest. A-MEN.

4. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died!

5. O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.
AMEN.

31. There is a fountain filled with blood.

Tune 30.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from EMMANUEL'S veins:
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear, dying LAMB, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of GOD
Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. AMEN.

32. Seek, my soul, the narrow gate.

St. Ansgarius. 7s. From "Familiar Hymns."

1. Seek, my soul, the nar - row gate, En - ter
2. GOD from mer - cy's seat shall rise, And for-
3. Mourn - ful - ly will they ex - claim: "LORD, we
4. Vain, a - las, will be their plea, Work - ers
ere it be too late; Ma - ny ask to
ev - er bar the skies: Then, though sin - ners
have pro - fessed Thy name; We have ate with
of in - iq - ui - ty; Sad their ev - er-
en - ter there, When too late to of - fer pray'r.
cry with - out, He will say, "I know you not."
Thee, and heard Heav'n-ly teach - ing in Thy word."
last - ing lot; CHRIST will say, "I know you not."

33. Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep.

Tune 32.

1. Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
JESUS waits His light to shed.

2. Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3. Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4. Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of JESUS, learn His will:
JESUS calls from death and night,
JESUS waits to shed His light.

34. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.

Langran. 10s. JAS. LANGRAN.

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure
3. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is
heav'n, and long to en-ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a
glo - ry of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the brightness of that throne ap-
ev -. er with me, day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious tidings
home And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
pear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
fall, "Re - pent, con-fess, thou shalt be loosed from all." A-MEN.

4. It is the voice of JESUS that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5. 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the FATHER'S child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous LORD:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. AMEN.

35. My God, permit me not to be.

Hamburg. L. M. Dr. MASON.

1. My GOD, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and Thee:
2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
3. Call me a-way from flesh and sense; Thy grace O LORD, can draw me thence:
Amidst a thou-sand tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.
Why should I cleave to things be-low, And all my pur-est joys fore-go?
I would o-bey the voice di-vine, And all in-fe-rior joys re-sign.

36. Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.

Light. 8s, 4. A. S SULLIVAN.

1. JE-SUS, my SAVIOUR! look on me, For I am wea-ry and op-prest;
2. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toilsome journey's length;
I come to cast my-self on Thee; Thou art my REST.
Thine aid om-nip-o-tent I seek: Thou art my STRENGTH. AMEN.

3. I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my LIGHT.

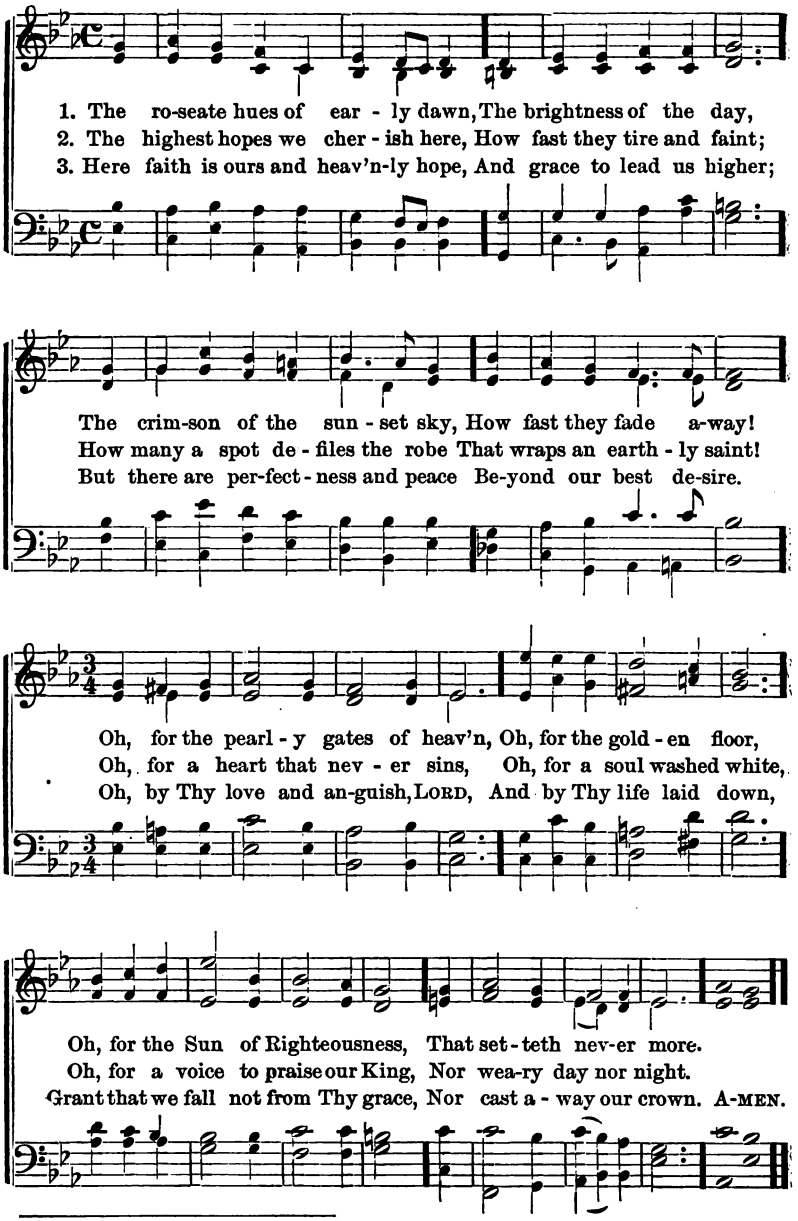
4. When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my PEACE.

5. Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my LIFE.

6. Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my ALL. AMEN.

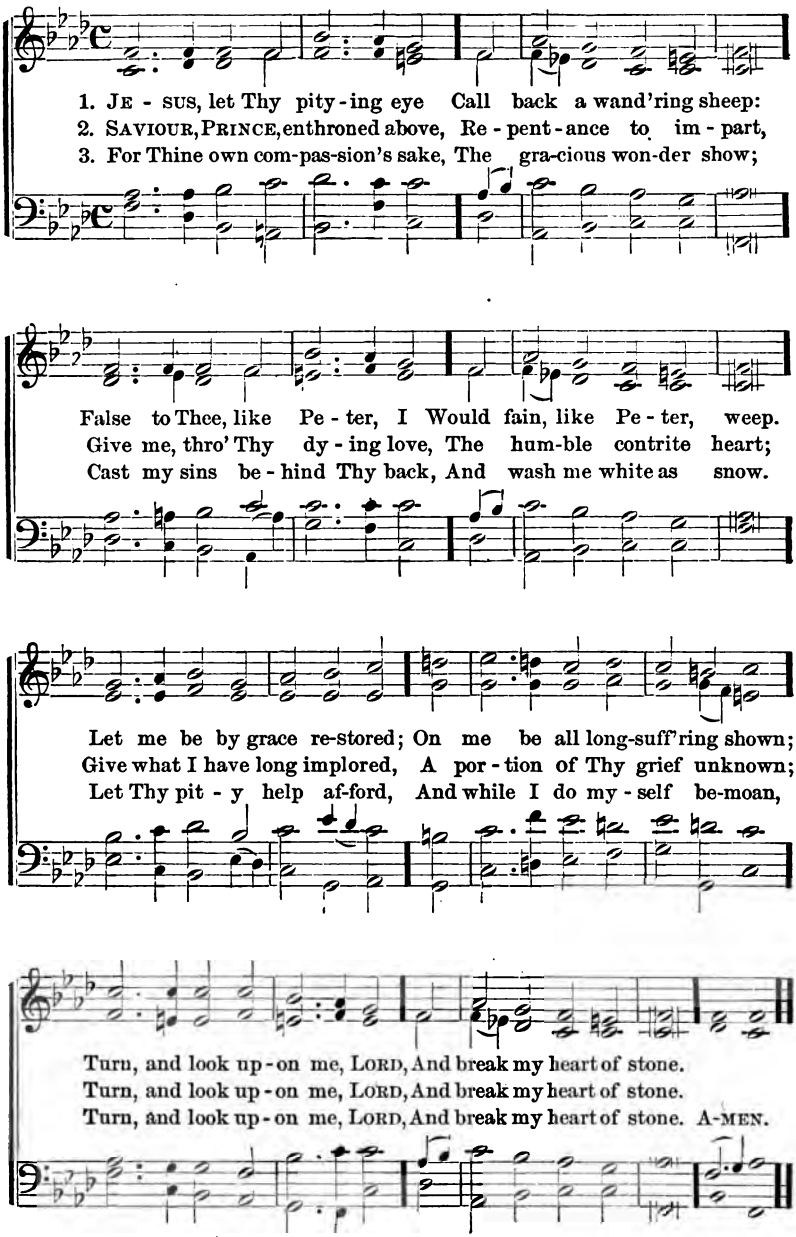
37. The roseate hues of early dawn.

Roseate. C. M. D. Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY.


1. The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,
2. The highest hopes we cher - ish here, How fast they tire and faint;
3. Here faith is ours and heav'n-ly hope, And grace to lead us higher;
The crim-son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a-way!
How many a spot de - files the robe That wraps an earth - ly saint!
But there are per-fect - ness and peace Be-yond our best de-sire.
Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n, Oh, for the gold - en floor,
Oh, for a heart that nev - er sins, Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, by Thy love and an-guish, LORD, And by Thy life laid down,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness, That set - teth nev-er more.
Oh, for a voice to praise our King, Nor wea-ry day nor night.
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace, Nor cast a - way our crown. A-MEN.

38. Jesus, let Thy pitying eye.

Atonement. P. M. Moravian.


1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep:
2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Re - pent - ance to im - part,
3. For Thine own com-pas-sion's sake, The gra-cious won-der show;
False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep.
Give me, thro' Thy dy - ing love, The hum-ble contrite heart;
Cast my sins be - hind Thy back, And wash me white as snow.
Let me be by grace re-stored; On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of Thy grief unknown;
Let Thy pit - y help af-ford, And while I do my - self be-moan,
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone. A-men.

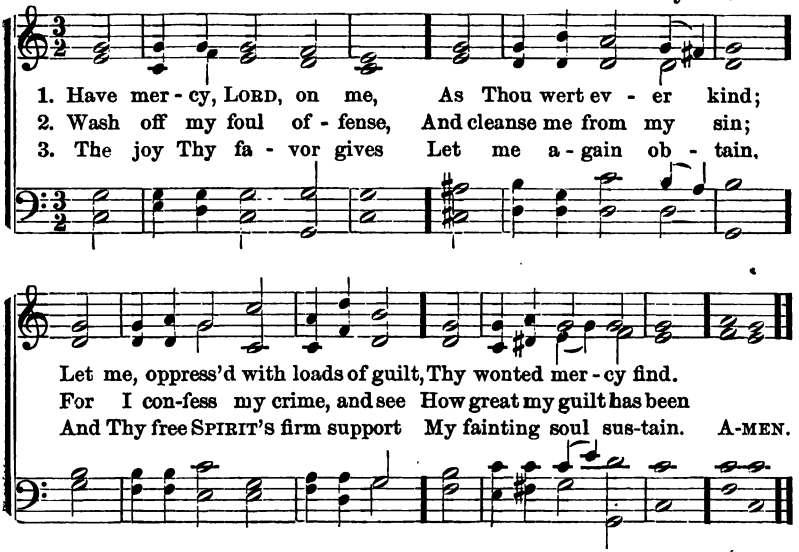
39. My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

*Magdala. 7s, 6s. D.

1. My sins, my sins, my SAV - IOUR! They take such hold on me,
2. My sins, my sins, my SAV - IOUR! How sad on Thee they fall!
3. My sins, my sins, my SAV - IOUR! Their guilt I nev - er knew
4. Therefore my songs, my SAV - IOUR, E'en in my heaviest woe,
I can - not look, for weep - ing, Save on - ly CHRIST, to Thee;
Seen thro' Thy gentle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all;
Till, with Thee, in the des - ert I near Thy pas - sion drew;
Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suff'ring man be-low;
In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun-dant grace,
I know Thou wilt for - give them, But still, their pain to me
Till, with Thee, in the gar - den I heard Thy pleading prayer,
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres-ence from a - bove,
My shad-ow and my sun-shine The brightness of Thy face.
Is all the grief and an-guish They laid, my LORD, on Thee.
And saw the sweat-drops blood-y That told Thy sor - row there.
Rejoice those hearts, my SAVIOUR, That live in Thee and love. AMEN.

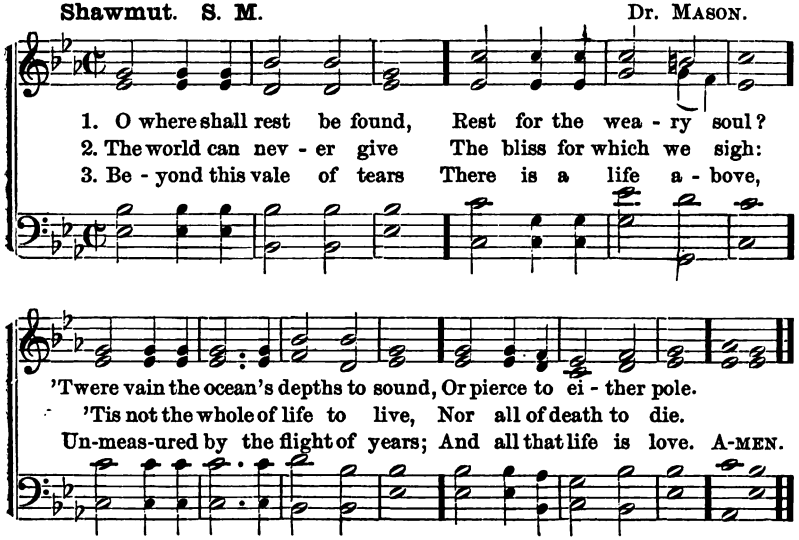
40. Have mercy, Lord, on me.

Fenwick. S. M. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Have mer - cy, LORD, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind;
2. Wash off my foul of - fense, And cleanse me from my sin;
3. The joy Thy fa - vor gives Let me a - gain ob - tain,
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mer - cy find.
For I con-fess my crime, and see How great my guilt has been
And Thy free SPIRIT'S firm support My fainting soul sus-tain. A-MEN.

41. O where shall rest be found?

Shawmut. S. M. Dr. MASON.

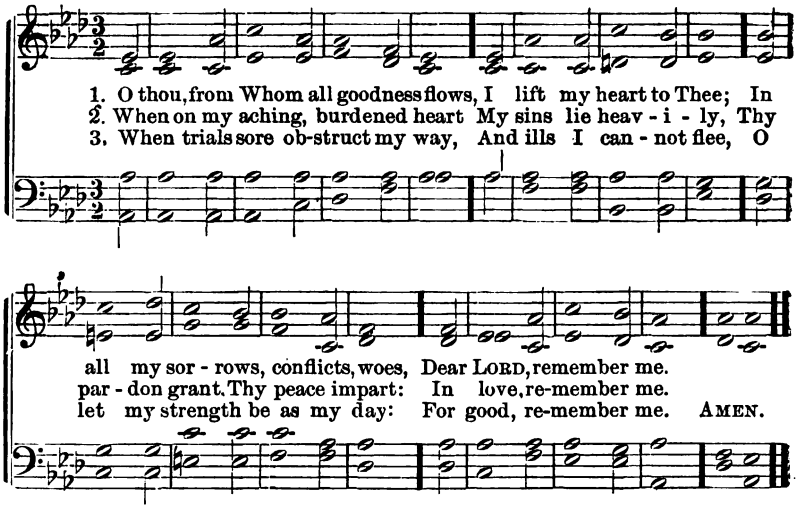

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un-meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love. A-MEN.

4. There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5. LORD GOD of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone. AMEN.

42. O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows.

***Remember Me. C. M.**

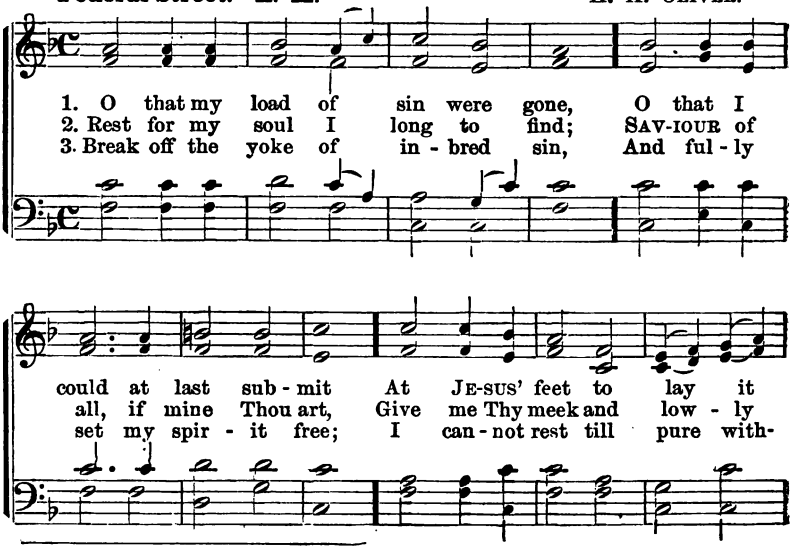

1. O thou, from Whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee; In
2. When on my aching, burdened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly, Thy
3. When trials sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can - not flee, O
all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, Dear LORD, remember me.
par - don grant. Thy peace impart: In love, re-member me.
let my strength be as my day: For good, re-member me. AMEN.

4. If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

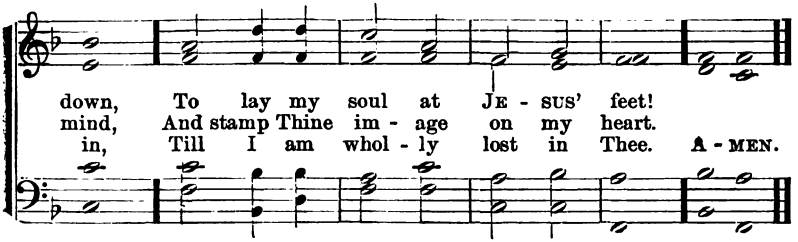
5. And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear LORD, remember me. AMEN.

43. O that my load of sin were gone!

Federal Street. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.


1. O that my load of sin were gone, O that I
2. Rest for my soul I long to find; SAV-IOUR of
3. Break off the yoke of in - bred sin, And ful - ly
could at last sub - mit At JE-SUS' feet to lay it
all, if mine Thou art, Give me Thy meek and low - ly
set my spir - it free; I can - not rest till pure with-

O that my load of sin were gone—*Concluded.*

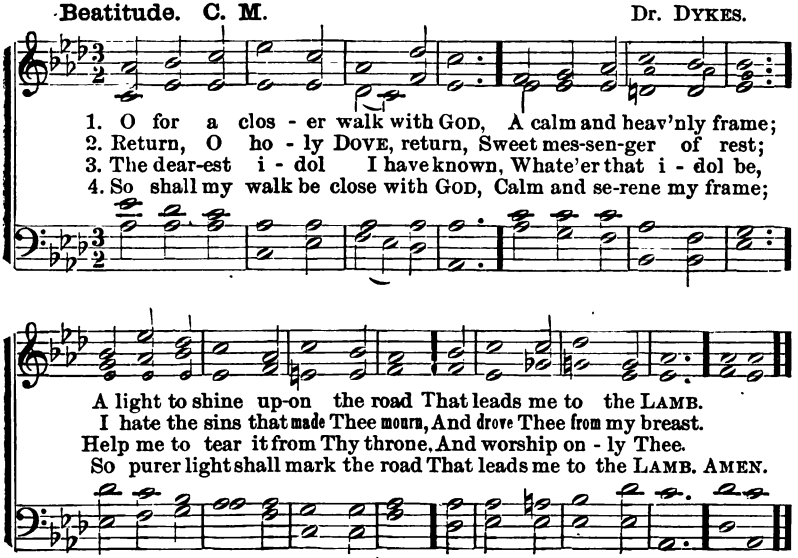


4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my GOD;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The Cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of Thy dying love.

5. I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart, from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.
AMEN.

44. O for a closer walk with God.

Beatitude. C. M. Dr. DYKES.


1. O for a clos - er walk with GOD, A calm and heav'nly frame;
2. Return, O ho - ly DOVE, return, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;
3. The dear-est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with GOD, Calm and se-rene my frame;
A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the LAMB.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship on - ly Thee.
So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the LAMB. AMEN.

45. O gracious God, in Whom I live.

Tune 44.

1. O gracious GOD, in Whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

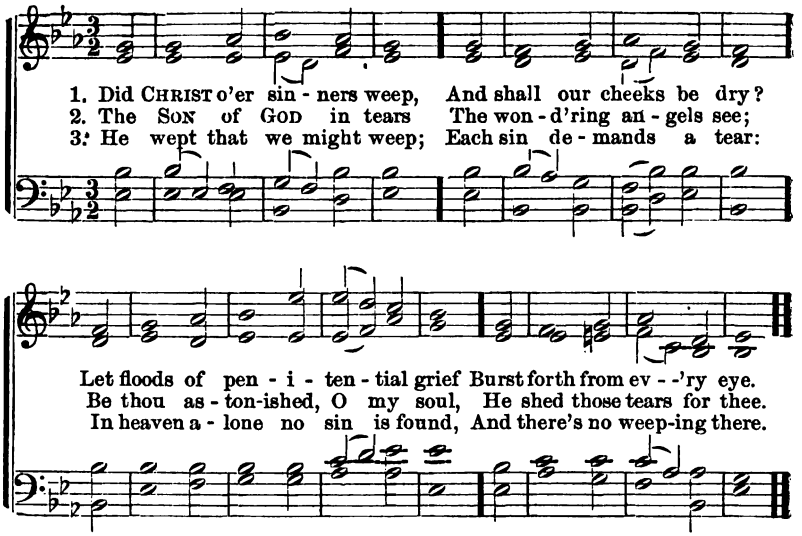
2. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3. Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My GOD, Thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

4. O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee. AMEN.

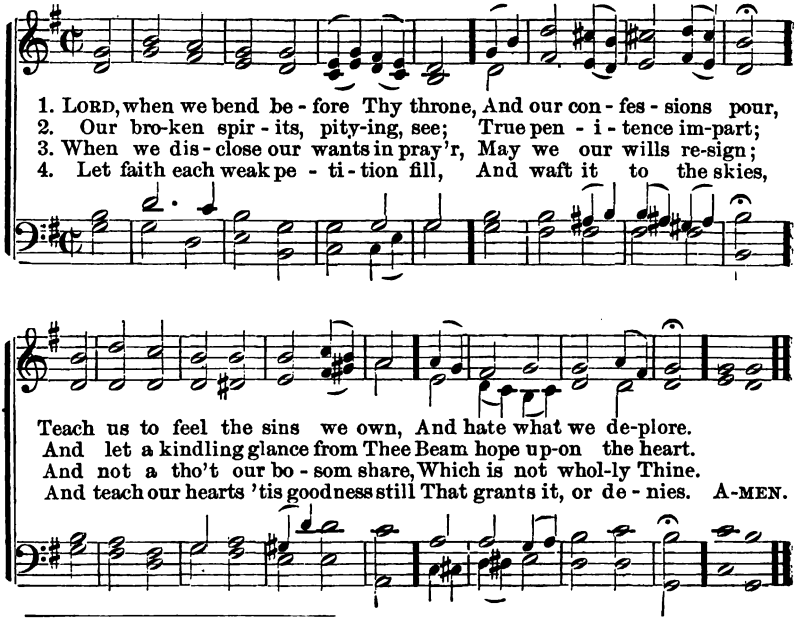
46. Did Christ o'er sinners weep?

*Preston. S. M.


1. Did CHRIST o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The SON of GOD in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear:
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - -'ry eye.
Be thou as - ton-ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.
In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

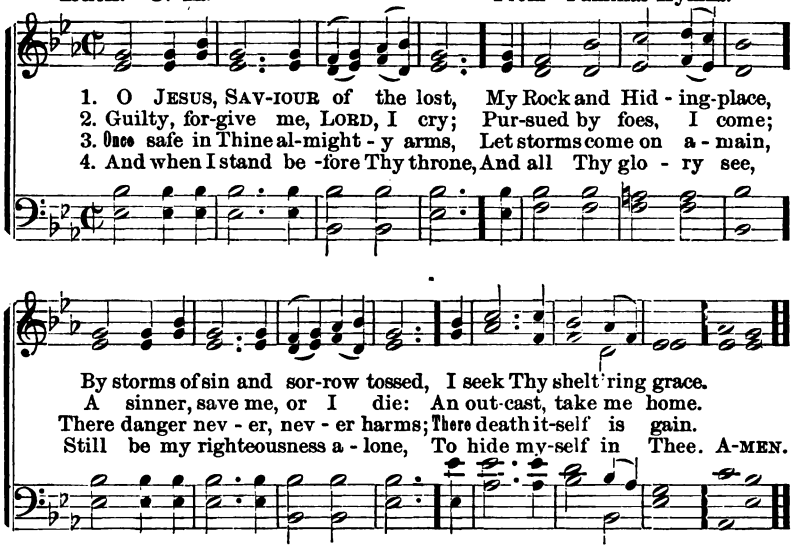
47. Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.

*Averill. C. M.


1. LORD, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
2. Our bro-ken spir - its, pity-ing, see; True pen - i - tence im-part;
3. When we dis - close our wants in pray'r, May we our wills re-sign;
4. Let faith each weak pe - ti - tion fill, And waft it to the skies,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore.
And let a kindling glance from Thee Beam hope up-on the heart.
And not a tho't our bo - som share, Which is not whol-ly Thine.
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still That grants it, or de - nies. A-MEN.

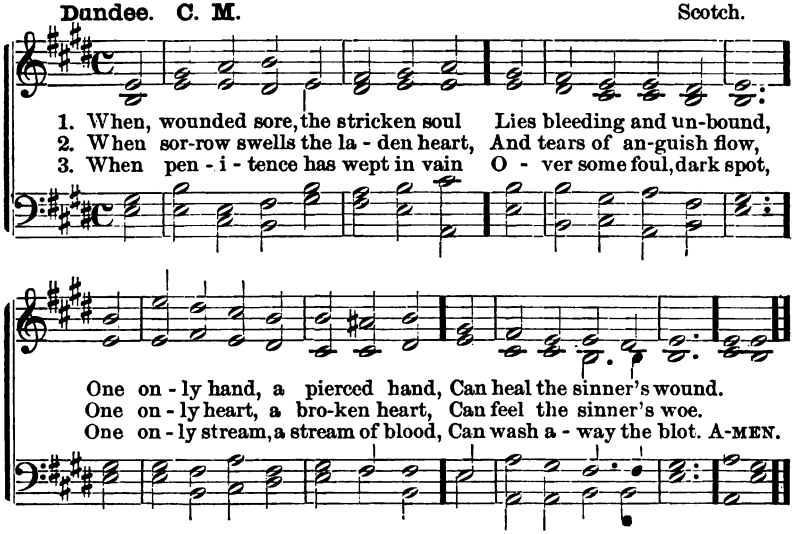
48. O Jesus, Saviour of the lost. XXX

Ruth. C. M. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. O JESUS, SAV-IOUR of the lost, My Rock and Hid - ing-place,
2. Guilty, for-give me, LORD, I cry; Pur-sued by foes, I come;
3. Once safe in Thine al-might - y arms, Let storms come on a - main,
4. And when I stand be -fore Thy throne, And all Thy glo - ry see,
By storms of sin and sor-row tossed, I seek Thy shelt'ring grace.
A sinner, save me, or I die: An out-cast, take me home.
There danger nev - er, nev - er harms; There death it-self is gain.
Still be my righteousness a - lone, To hide my-self in Thee. A-MEN.

49. When, wounded sore, the stricken soul.

Dundee. C. M. Scotch.

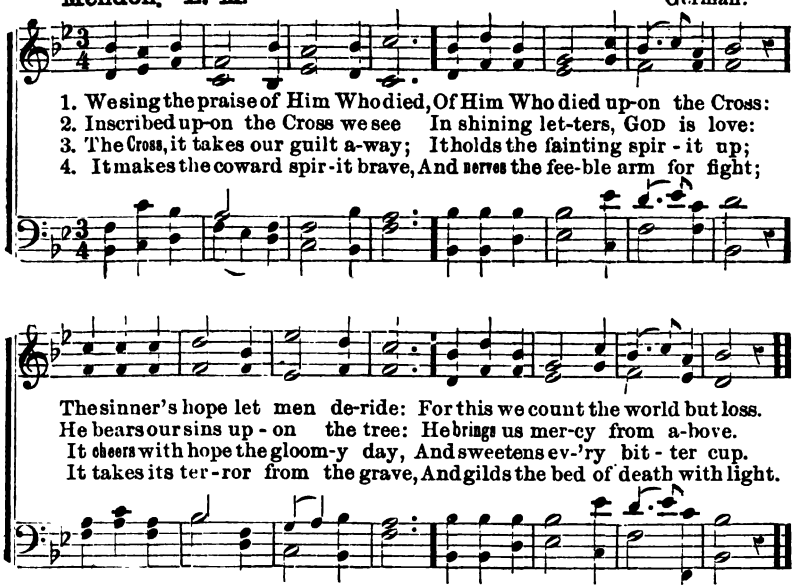

1. When, wounded sore, the stricken soul Lies bleeding and un-bound,
2. When sor-row swells the la - den heart, And tears of an-guish flow,
3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain O - ver some foul, dark spot,
One on - ly hand, a pierced hand, Can heal the sinner's wound.
One on - ly heart, a bro-ken heart, Can feel the sinner's woe.
One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a - way the blot. A-MEN.

4. 'Tis JESUS' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief. [joys,
His heart that's touch'd with all our
And feeleth for our grief.

5. Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O LORD!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. AMEN.

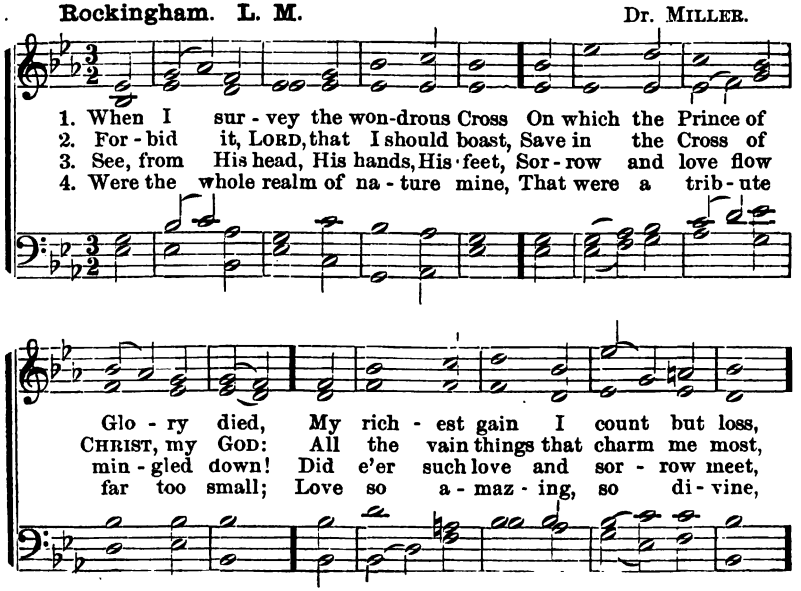
50. We sing the praise of Him Who died.

Mendon. L. M. German.


1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up-on the Cross:
2. Inscribed up-on the Cross we see In shining let-ters, GOD is love:
3. The Cross, it takes our guilt a-way; It holds the fainting spir - it up;
4. It makes the coward spir-it brave, And nerves the fee-ble arm for fight;
The sinner's hope let men de-ride: For this we count the world but loss.
He bears our sins up - on the tree: He brings us mer-cy from a-bove.
It cheers with hope the gloom-y day, And sweetens ev-'ry bit - ter cup.
It takes its ter-ror from the grave, And gilds the bed of death with light.

51. When I survey the wondrous Cross.

Rockingham. L. M. DR. MILLER.

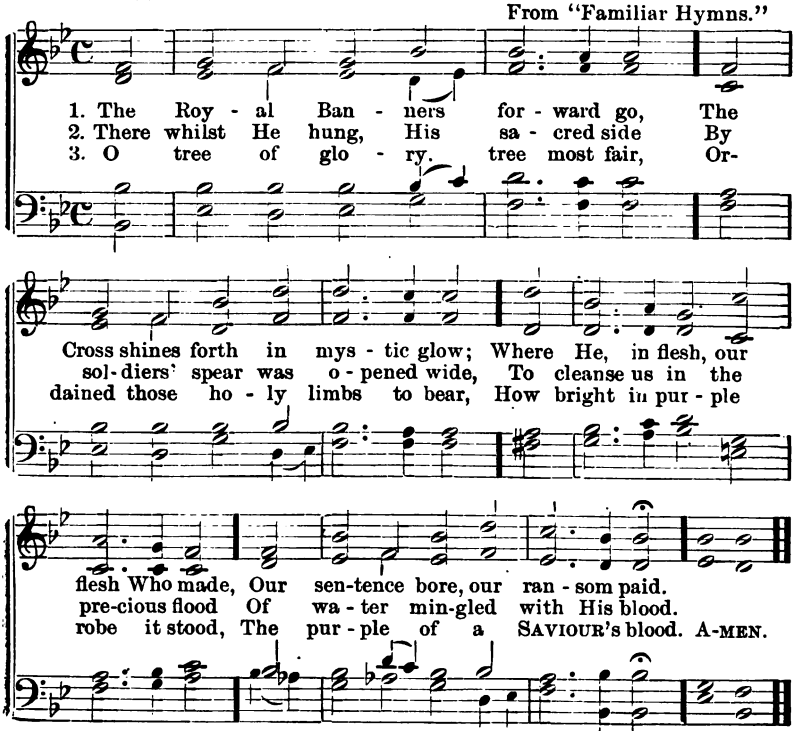

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous Cross On which the Prince of
2. For - bid it, LORD, that I should boast, Save in the Cross of
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute
Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss,
CHRIST, my GOD: All the vain things that charm me most,
min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

When I survey the wondrous Cross—*Concluded.*

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
I sac - ri - fice them to Thy blood.
Or thorns com - pose a SAV - IOUR'S crown.
De - mands my life, my soul, my all. A-MEN.

52. The Royal Banners forward go.

Bethabara. L. M. P. C. LUTKIN.
From "Familiar Hymns."


1. The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go, The
2. There whilst He hung, His sa - cred side By
3. O tree of glo - ry. tree most fair, Or-
Cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where He, in flesh, our
sol - diers' spear was o - pened wide, To cleanse us in the
dained those ho - ly limbs to bear, How bright in pur - ple
flesh Who made, Our sen-tence bore, our ran - som paid.
pre-cious flood Of wa - ter min-gled with His blood.
robe it stood, The pur - ple of a SAVIOUR'S blood. A-MEN.

4. Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

5. To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. AMEN.

53. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.

Merton. 8s, 7s.

1. Sweet the mom-ents, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the
Cross I spend, Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing
From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. A - MEN.

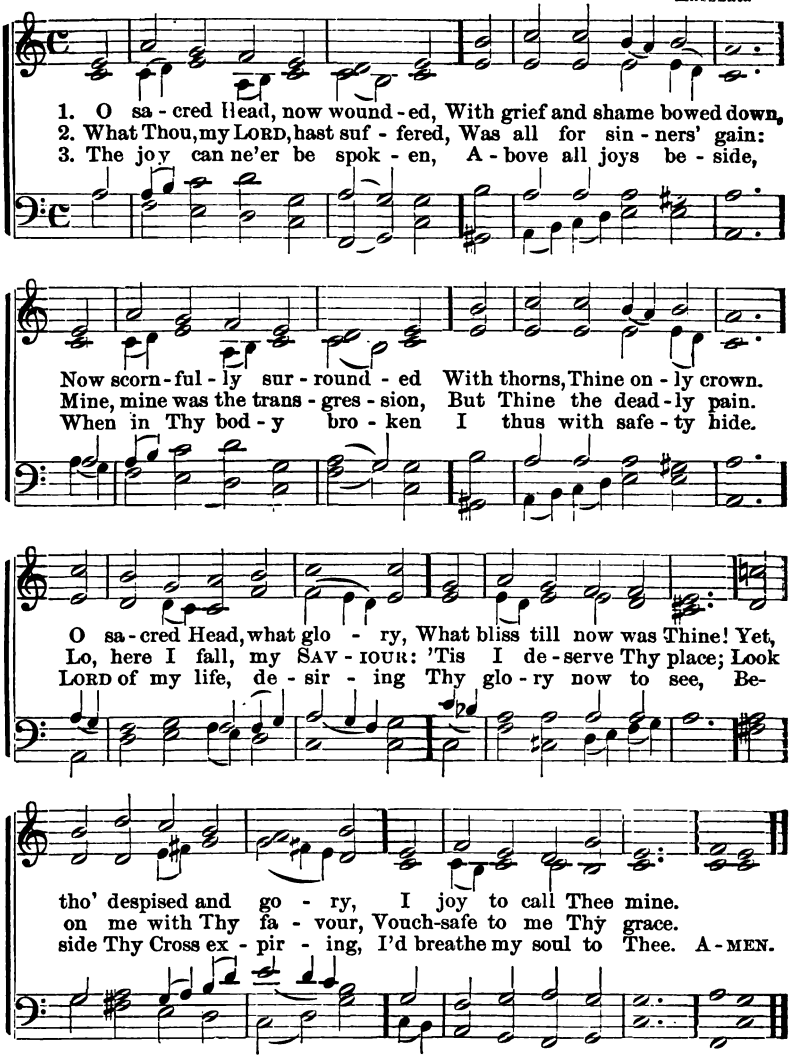
2. Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with GOD.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4. LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee.
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveil'd glory see. AMEN.

54. O sacred Head, now wounded.

Passion Chorale. 7s. & 6s. D. HASSLER.


1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,
2. What Thou, my LORD, hast suf - fered, Was all for sin - ners' gain:
3. The joy can ne'er be spok - en, A - bove all joys be - side,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
When in Thy bod - y bro - ken I thus with safe - ty hide.
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine! Yet,
Lo, here I fall, my SAV - IOUR: 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look
LORD of my life, de - sir - ing Thy glo - ry now to see, Be-
tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
on me with Thy fa - vour, Vouch-safe to me Thy grace.
side Thy Cross ex - pir - ing, I'd breathe my soul to Thee. A - MEN.

4. What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
LORD, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

5. Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy Cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, LORD, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From JESUS shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

55. Hail that Head all torn and wounded.

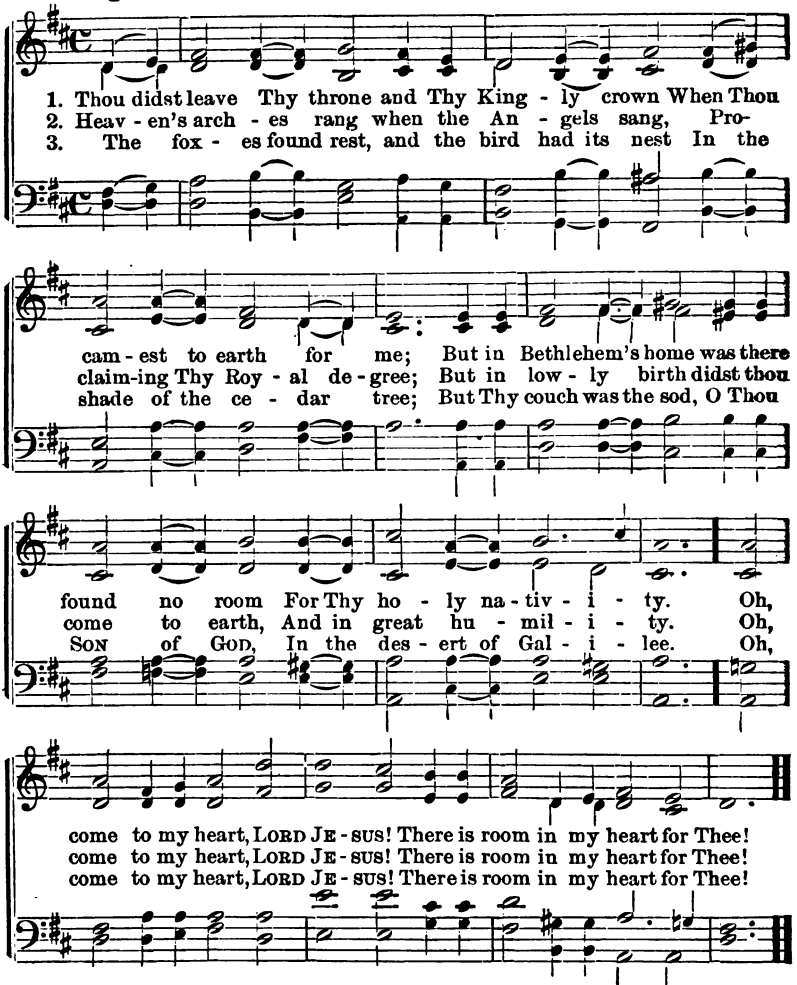
*Alford. 8s 8s, 7s.

1. Hail that Head all torn and wounded, With the crown of thorns sur-
2. Thou Whose form for us was wast - ed, Who for us of death hath
3. By Thine anguish, by Thy cry - ing, By Thy voice when Thou wast
4. When our weakened minds are straying, Make, O LORD, no long de-
round - ed! Hail that Face all marred and pale! Hail that
tast - ed, Hear us, sin - ners though we be. Do not
dy - ing, By Thy last ex - pir - ing breath: Thou of
lay - ing, Fail us not, O JE - SUS, then. With Thy
Bod - y pierced and shak - en, Mocked of man, of GOD for-
from Thy suf-f'ring turn us, Do not leave us, do not
heav'n - ly life the Giv - er, Thou Al - might - y to de
pres - ence us de - fend - ing, Come and cheer our lat - est
sak - en, Left in death's last hour to fail!
spurn us, Let us cling in death to Thee.
liv - er, Oh sus - tain our souls in death!
end - ing, SAV - IOUR of the sons of men! A - MEN.

The Cross.

56. Thou didst leave Thy throne.

Margaret.


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy King - ly crown When Thou
2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the An - gels sang, Pro-
3. The fox - es found rest, and the bird had its nest In the
cam - est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home was there
claim-ing Thy Roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst thou
shade of the ce - dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,
come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. Oh,
Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee. Oh,
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee!
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee!
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee!

4. Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee!

5. When the heavens shall ring and the Angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee!

57. I see my Lord, the Poor, the Weak, the Lowly.

*Via Dolorosa. 11s, 10s

1. I see my LORD, the Poor, the Weak, the Low - ly,
2. Si - lent He mov - eth on, all un - com - plain - ing,
3. 'Tis hell's dark hour, yet calm Him-self re - sign - ing,
4. In mor - tal weak - ness 'neath His bur-den sink - ing,
A - long the mourn - ful way in sad - ness tread;
Though wea - ri - ly His grief and bur - den press;
Even as a lamb that go - eth to be slain,
The SON of GOD ac - cepts a mor - tal's aid!
The thorns are on His brow, and He, the Ho - ly,
And foes—nor shame nor pit - y now re - strain - ing,
The wine-press lone He tread - eth un - re - pin - ing,
Then pass - es on to Gol - go - tha un - shrink - ing,
Bear - ing His Cross, to Cal - va - ry is led.
With scoff and jeer - ing mock His deep dis - tress.
And fall - ing blood-drops all His rai - ment stain
Where Love's di - vin - est sac - ri - fice is made.

58. On the cruel Cross uplifted.

*First Word.—"*Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do.*"—St. Luke xxiii. 34.

1. On the cru - el Cross up-lift - ed See the King of Glo - ry die!
2. All of self ig-nored, for-got-ten, All the sor - row and the pain,
†3. Par-don for all hu-man frail-ty Born of blind-ness dark and deep,
On the star - tled air out - ring - ing Hear His ag - o - niz - ing cry!
Crown of thorns and cru - el scourgings, Scorn, despite and insult's stain—
For the low - est and the vil - est, Hearts that rage and eyes that weep;
Hear the prayer of love and pit - y, To the a - ges strange and new,
All for - giv - en and for - got - ten In a love di - vine - ly true,
SAV-IOUR, Thou hast sought for mor-tals, All the roll - ing a - ges through,
From His lips—"Forgive them, FATHER; For they know not what they do."
As He pleads—"Forgive them, FATHER; For they know not what they do."
In that prayer—"Forgive them, FATHER; For they know not what they do."

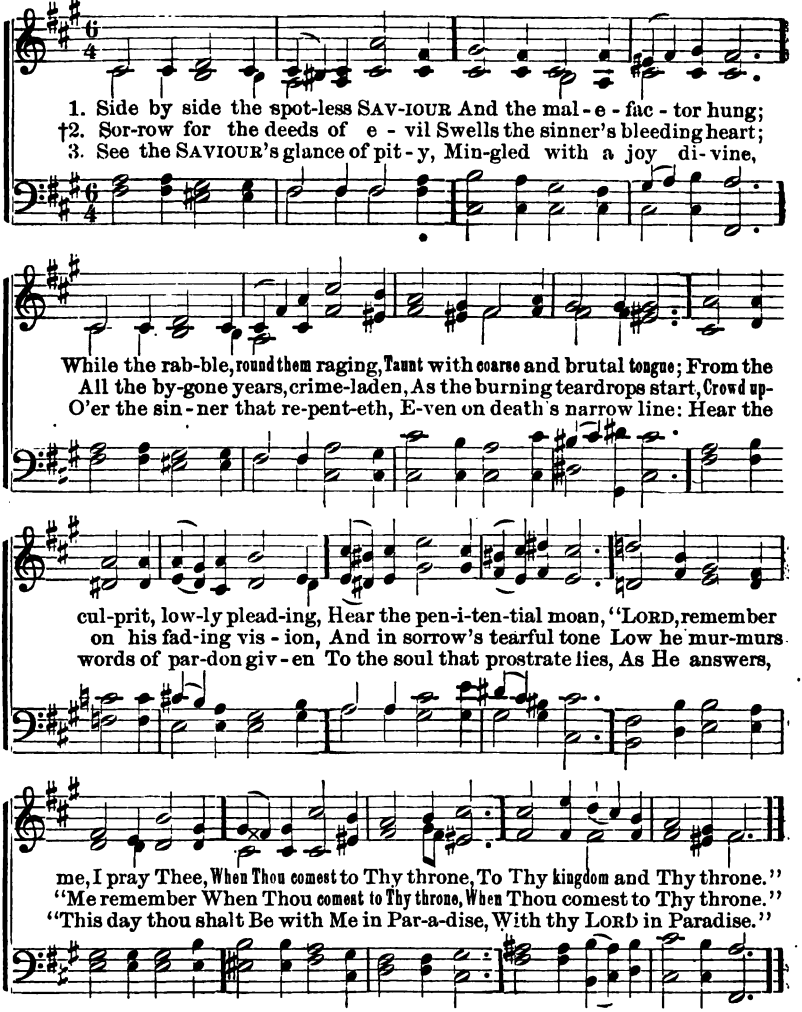
4. Still with ceaseless intercession,
At the FATHER's throne on high,
JESUS, Thou our cause art pleading;
All our sins of deepest dye
Washed in Thy dear Blood shall vanish,
By Thine earth-tears hid from view
As Thou prayest—"O forgive them,
For they know not what they do."

†5. When the somber veil is lifted
Which obscures the heavenly land,
And with all earth's countless myriads
At the judgment seat we stand,
JESUS, we the full fruition
Of Thy dying prayer shall know,
In the crown and robe of glory
Which the FATHER's hands bestow.

† These stanzas may be omitted.

59. Side by side the spotless Saviour.

***Second Word.**—"*To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.*"—St. Luke xxiii. 43.


1. Side by side the spot-less SAV-IOUR And the mal-e-fac-tor hung;
†2. Sor-row for the deeds of e-vil Swells the sinner's bleeding heart;
3. See the SAVIOUR's glance of pit-y, Min-gled with a joy di-vine,
While the rab-ble, round them raging, Taunt with coarse and brutal tongue; From the
All the by-gone years, crime-laden, As the burning teardrops start, Crowd up-
O'er the sin-ner that re-pent-eth, E-ven on death's narrow line: Hear the
cul-prit, low-ly plead-ing, Hear the pen-i-ten-tial moan, "LORD, remember
on his fad-ing vis-ion, And in sorrow's tearful tone Low he mur-murs
words of par-don giv-en To the soul that prostrate lies, As He answers,
me, I pray Thee, When Thou comest to Thy throne, To Thy kingdom and Thy throne."
"Me remember When Thou comest to Thy throne, When Thou comest to Thy throne."
"This day thou shalt Be with Me in Par-a-dise, With thy LORD in Paradise."

†4. Now the weary strife is ending,
And the gates are opened wide
To the ransomed soul, ascending
From the cross, where JESUS died.
Thro' His Blood, and by thy sorrow,
Thou hast won the glowing prize;
To the soul once lost, benighted,
CHRIST hath opened Paradise,
CHRIST hath opened Paradise.

5. Sinner! tho' thy sins be scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow,
Purified with tears repentant,
Bathed in Love's redeeming glow:
To the ever-loving SAVIOUR
Lift from earth thy streaming eyes;
Lo! the new-born, heavenly vision,
CHRIST hath opened Paradise!
ff CHRIST hath opened Paradise!

60. Behold the Virgin Mother lowly weeping.

***Third Word.**—"*Woman, behold thy son!..... behold thy mother.*"—St. John xix. 26, 27.

1. Be - hold the Vir-gin Mother low-ly weep-ing Be-side the Cross, where
2. Now speaks the human thro' the God-like breaking, His heart responding
3. Thus CHRIST His children to His Church bequeathing, Bespeaks her love and
JE-SUS' bod-y hangs, With "the be - lov - ed one" sad vigil keep-ing,
to the moth-er's pain, Long years of ten-der care and child-love waking
nev-er-ceas-ing care, His dy - ing lips in that one sentence breathing
The mother - heart sore racked by sorrow's pangs: Childless, bereaved, hence-
At memory's touch the earthly love a - gain: Lo! from the Cross the
All His soul's longing in the voice of prayer: Still mind-ful ev - er
forth a-lone to tread Life's thorny pathway to the bitter end, Mourning, thro'
well-known voice is heard In tender accents, "Woman, lo; thy son!" Then, from the
in His dying throes, Of the e - van - gel of the Heav'nly Dove, His last be-
all the years, her cherished dead, Her Son and LORD, her Teacher and her Friend.
heart with deep emotion stirred, "Behold thy mother!" to the "cherished one."
quest illumes life's weary close, His Church confiding to the arms of Love.

61. "Eli, lama sabacthani!"

* **Fourth Word** —"*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*"—
St. Matthew xxvii 46.

1. "E - li, la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni!" Hear the wail - ing cry
2. To the land of des - o - la - tion See the Vic - tim led,
3. From His lips a cry up - ris - eth Of a lone - ly grief;
†4. 'Tis the bur - den of the a - ges Weighs His spir - it down,
Pierc - ing thro' the som - ber shad - ows Of the dark - ened sky;
With the weight of our trans-gres-sions Bow-ing down His head:
In heart - bro - ken pain and an - guish, Crav-ing for re - lief,
Hid - ing e'en the FATHER'S Pres-ence, Changing smile to frown—
From the Cross the Suf - f'rer cri - eth In His ag - o - ny,
Out in - to the des - ert drear - y, Sorrowing hath He gone,
And the FATHER'S van-ish'd Pres-ence Sad - ly moan - eth He,
Bur - den of all hu - man er - ror Borne for rec - reant man,
"Why, My GOD, hast Thou for - sak - en, Why for - sak - en Me!"
There to wan - der, faint and wea - ry, Dy - ing and a - lone.
"Why, My GOD, hast Thou for - sak - en, Why for - sak - en Me!"
Cloud - ing all time's fate - ful rec - ord Since the world be - gan.

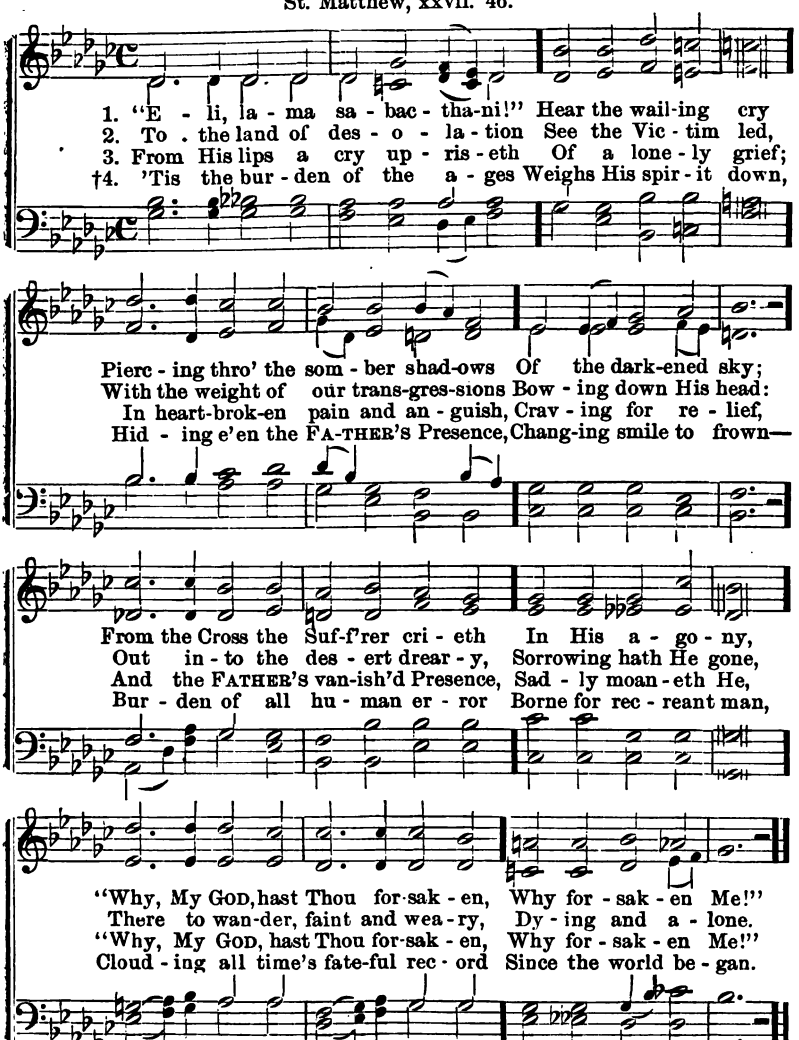
†5. From our souls the cloud was lifted
When the SAVIOUR died,
All our weary burdens shifted
To the Crucified;
He has borne them, He will bear them
Till the Judgment Day;
By His blood our dire transgressions
He will wash away.

6. May we ne'er, O LORD, forgetting
All that Thou hast borne,
Cease with grateful hearts to love Thee,
And our sins to mourn:
May we ever bear Thy banner
Manfully and well,
Faithfully fight Thy battles
'Gainst the hosts of hell.

 * These stanzas may be omitted.

61. Second Tune. "Eli, lama sabacthani!"

*Fourth Word.—*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*"—
St. Matthew, xxvii. 46.


1. "E - li, la - ma sa - bac - tha-ni!" Hear the wail-ing cry
2. To . the land of des - o - la - tion See the Vic - tim led,
3. From His lips a cry up - ris - eth Of a lone - ly grief;
†4. 'Tis the bur - den of the a - ges Weighs His spir - it down,
Pierc - ing thro' the som - ber shad-ows Of the dark-ened sky;
With the weight of our trans-gres-sions Bow - ing down His head:
In heart-brok-en pain and an - guish, Crav - ing for re - lief,
Hid - ing e'en the FA-THER'S Presence, Chang-ing smile to frown—
From the Cross the Suf-f'rer cri - eth In His a - go - ny,
Out in - to the des - ert drear - y, Sorrowing hath He gone,
And the FATHER'S van-ish'd Presence, Sad - ly moan - eth He,
Bur - den of all hu - man er - ror Borne for rec - reant man,
"Why, My GOD, hast Thou for-sak - en, Why for - sak - en Me!"
There to wan-der, faint and wea - ry, Dy - ing and a - lone.
"Why, My GOD, hast Thou for-sak - en, Why for - sak - en Me!"
Cloud - ing all time's fate-ful rec - ord Since the world be - gan.

†5. From our souls the cloud was lifted
When the SAVIOUR died,
All our weary burdens shifted
To the Crucified:
He has borne them, He will bear them
Till the Judgment Day;
By His blood our dire transgressions
He will wash away.

6. May we ne'er, O LORD, forgetting
All that Thou hast borne,
Cease with grateful hearts to love Thee,
And our sins to mourn:
May we ever bear Thy banner
Manfully and well,
Faithfully to fight Thy battles
'Gainst the hosts of hell.

62. "I thirst!" the dying Saviour cries.

*Fifth Word.—"*I thirst.*"—St. John xix. 28.

1. "I thirst!" the dy - ing SAVIOUR cries, Nailed to the shameful tree:—
2. He thirsts, Who liv - ing wa - ters gave To all who sought the fount,
3. And shall we not, O LORD, re - turn The love Thou hast bestowed,
4. O may we thirst as Thou hast done, For ho - li - ness of life,
"I thirst!" the lov - ing heart re-plies, "I thirst, O LORD, for Thee."
And none His parch-ing lips may lave On Calvary's hallowed mount:
And from Thy God-like pa-tience learn To bear each wea - ry load?
Un - til the glo - rious prize is won, And closed the bit - ter strife!
He thirsts for our sal - va-tion still, Whose blood was free - ly given
While we may quench our burning thirst, And our trans-gres-sions hide
Shall we not thirst for righteousness, Whose sins Thou, LORD, hast borne,
Then shall we drink, O LORD, with Thee, From fountains all Thine own,
rit.
To ran - som souls from ev - 'ry ill That bars the way to heaven.
In that blest stream whose waters burst From out the SAVIOUR's side.
And learn the chastening rod to bless, As by Thy Cross we mourn?
That gush and flow e - ter - nal - ly Be - side the FATHER's throne.

63. Lo! Redemption's work is done.

*Sixth Word.—"*It is finished.*"—St. John xix. 30.

1. Lo! Redemption's work is done! Darkness shrouds the noon-day sun,
†2. All the toil of by-gone years, All the suffering and the tears,
†3. From their graves the saints arise, Greet the dawn that long-ing eyes
And the tem - ple's vail is rent By the bolt from heav-en sent,
All the strug - gle fierce and fell With the swarming hosts of hell,
Sought thro' wea-ry a - ges fled, Now first break-ing o - ver-head;
As the loud, tri-umphant cry Peals up - on the dark-ened sky,—
All the work the FATHER gave, Sin - ful, dy - ing souls to save,
With His lat - est, dy - ing breath CHRIST has triumphed o - ver death;
"It is fin-ished!" JE-SUS cries, Meek-ly bows His head and dies.
Here is fin-ished; and the earth Quakes with throes of aw-ful birth.
O - pen to our ea - ger eyes Swing the gates of Par - a - dise.

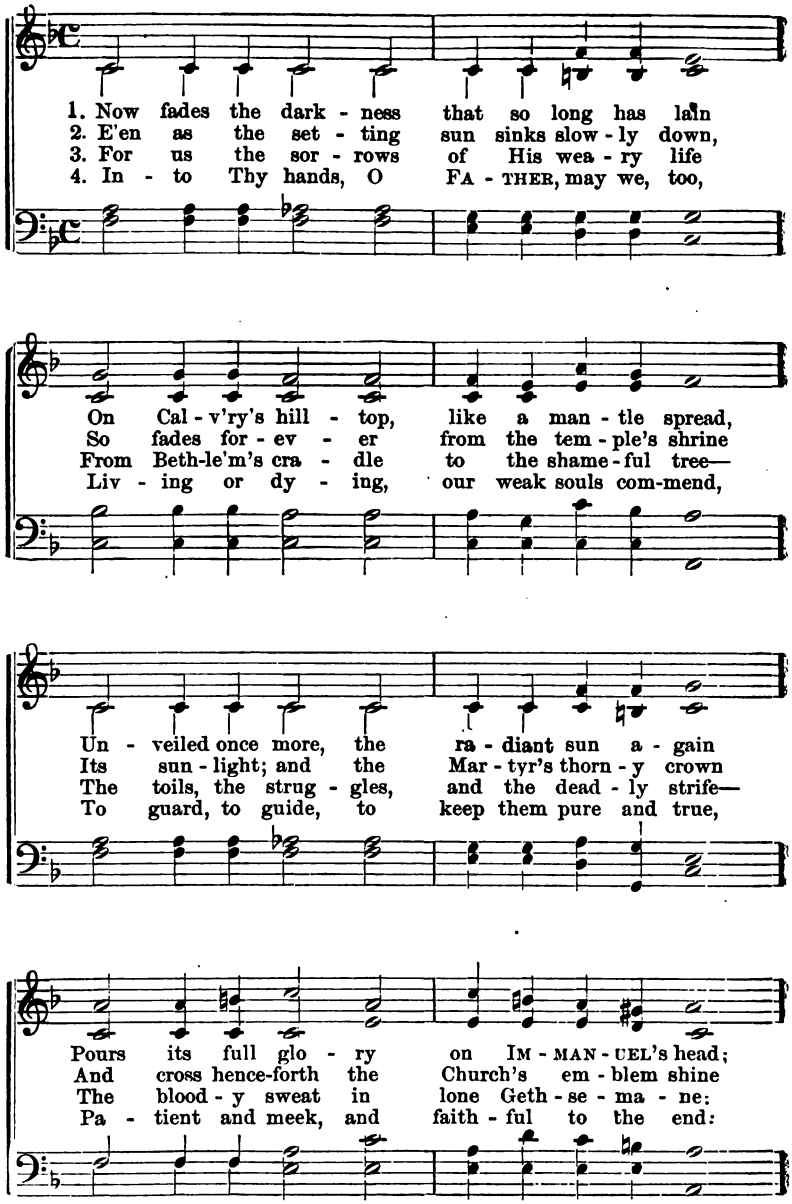
4. For the sins of ages past,
For the future's record vast,
Full atonement He has made,
By His blood the ransom paid.
Now complete, Redemption's plan—
Birth of hope to ruined man—
Bursts upon life's troubled sea
From the Cross of Calvary.

5. Sinner! rouse thee from thy gloom,
Dread no more the mouldering tomb;
For His blood to thee has given
Entrance to the courts of heaven.
Faith and penitential tears
Shall retrieve the sinful years,
And the shadows, cold and gray,
Brighten to eternal day.

† These stanzas may be omitted.

64. Now fades the darkness that so long has lain.

***Seventh Word.**—"*Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.*"—St. Luke xxiii. 46.

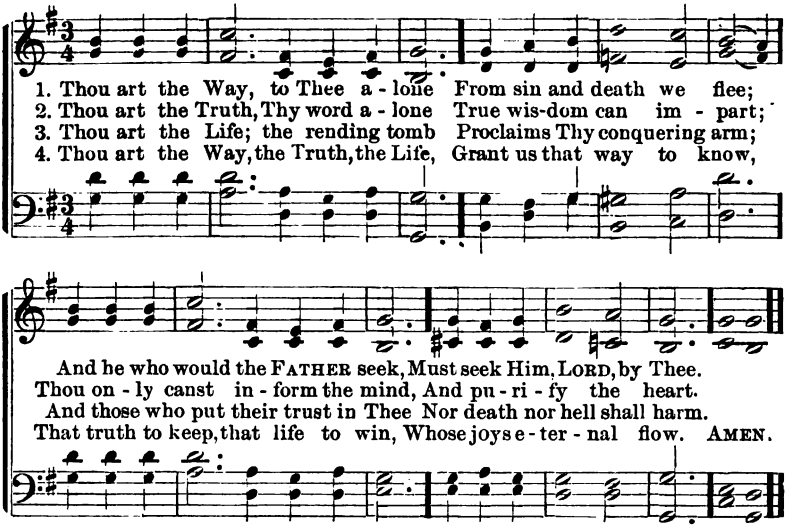

1. Now fades the dark - ness that so long has lain
2. E'en as the set - ting sun sinks slow - ly down,
3. For us the sor - rows of His wea - ry life
4. In - to Thy hands, O FA - THER, may we, too,
On Cal - v'ry's hill - top, like a man - tle spread,
So fades for - ev - er from the tem - ple's shrine
From Beth-le'm's cra - dle to the shame - ful tree—
Liv - ing or dy - ing, our weak souls com-mend,
Un - veiled once more, the ra - diant sun a - gain
Its sun - light; and the Mar - tyr's thorn - y crown
The toils, the strug - gles, and the dead - ly strife—
To guard, to guide, to keep them pure and true,
Pours its full glo - ry on IM - MAN - UEL's head;
And cross hence-forth the Church's em - blem shine
The blood - y sweat in lone Geth - se - ma - ne:
Pa - tient and meek, and faith - ful to the end:

Now fades the darkness—*Concluded.*

"In - to Thy hands, O FA - THER, I com - mend
In - to the FA - THER's hands, from whence it came,
Oh! price - less ran - som for a world of sin,
So when to us the sum - mons glad shall come,
My spir - it!" thus His dy - ing ac - cents rise:.....
The SAV - IOUR's soul re - turns tri-umph-ant now,.....
Oh! ten - der love for spir - its yet un - born:.....
Our hearts shall know nor dread nor dark de - spair;.....
And time's first e - ra hast - ens to its end,
His earth - ly king - dom as His meed to claim,
Sheaves for the har - vest He shall gath - er in,
But, calm and joy - ful, as we near our home,
Its new day dawn - ing as the SAV - IOUR dies.
Bought by the crown of suf - f'ring on His brow.
To crown His tri - umphs on the judg - ment morn.
Com - mend our spir - its to Thy ten - der care.

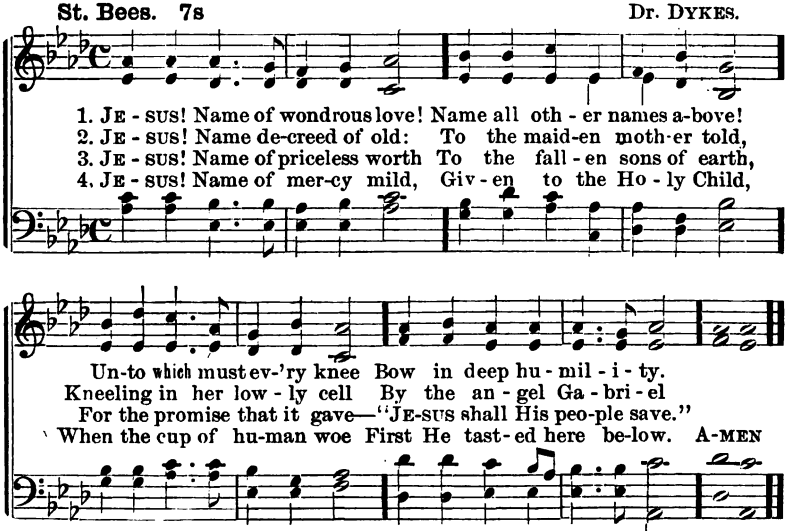
65. Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

Lambeth. C. M. S. WEBBE.


1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth, Thy word a - lone True wis-dom can im - part;
3. Thou art the Life; the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life, Grant us that way to know,
And he who would the FATHER seek, Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.
Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow. AMEN.

66. Jesus, Name of wondrous love.

St. Bees. 7s Dr. DYKES.

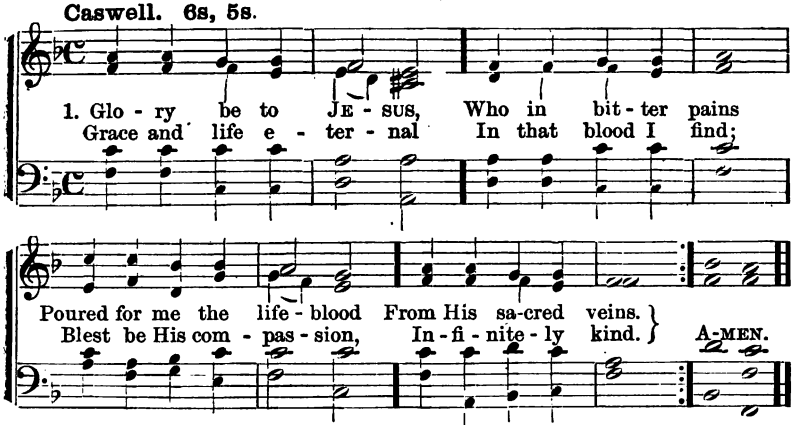

1. JE - SUS! Name of wondrous love! Name all oth - er names a-bove!
2. JE - SUS! Name de-creed of old: To the maid-en moth-er told,
3. JE - SUS! Name of priceless worth To the fall - en sons of earth,
4. JE - SUS! Name of mer-cy mild, Giv - en to the Ho - ly Child,
Un-to which must ev-'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
Kneeling in her low - ly cell By the an - gel Ga - bri - el
For the promise that it gave—"JE-SUS shall His peo-ple save."
When the cup of hu-man woe First He tast-ed here be-low. A-MEN

5. JESUS! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6. JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of GOD above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our GOD, to Thee. AMEN.

67. Glory be to Jesus.

Caswell. 6s, 5s.

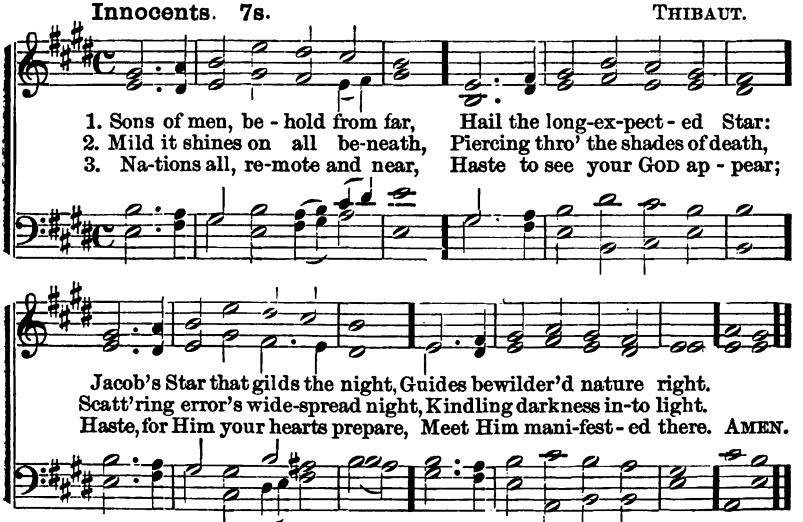

1. Glo - ry be to JE - SUS, Who in bit - ter pains
Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa-cred veins.
Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind.
A-MEN.

2. Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

3. Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make that glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder.
Praise the precious blood. AMEN.

68. Sons of men, behold from far.

Innocents. 7s. THIBAUT.


1. Sons of men, be - hold from far, Hail the long-ex-pect - ed Star:
2. Mild it shines on all be-neath, Piercing thro' the shades of death,
3. Na-tions all, re-mote and near, Haste to see your GOD ap - pear;
Jacob's Star that gilds the night, Guides bewilder'd nature right.
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night, Kindling darkness in-to light.
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare, Meet Him mani-fest - ed there. AMEN.

4. There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes:
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5. Sing, ye morning stars, again,
GOD descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of GOD, for joy! AMEN.

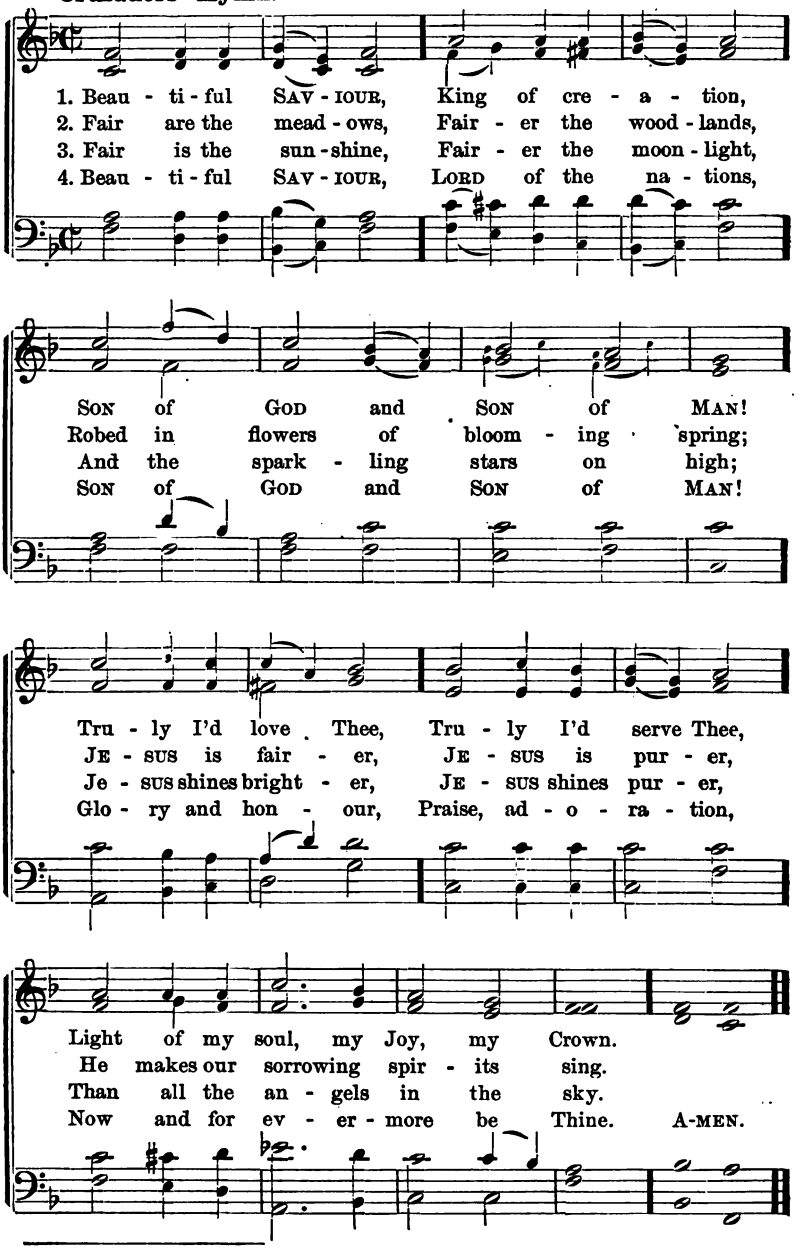
69. There's no other friend like Jesus.

*Leflen. 8s, 7s, D.

1. There's no oth-er friend like JE-SUS, None so faithful, none so true;
2. There's no oth-er friend like JE-SUS, He Who died our souls to save;
3. There's no oth-er friend like JE-SUS, Ho - ly an - gels, chant the song,
Tho' the waves break wild-ly o'er us, He will guide us safe - ly thro';
He Who dwelt on earth in meekness; Healed, and pitied, and for-gave.
Sing His love and wondrous mer-cy; Mor-tals, join the heav'nly throng.
Storms and tempests shrink be-fore Him, He can calm them at His will:
Still He pit-ies, still He loves us, In His ho - ly, hap-py home,
Raise the joy - ful, hap-py chor-us, Thank Him for His lov-ing grace,
JE-SUS, calm our stormy passions With Thy wondrous "Peace, be still."
And with voice of gracious mer-cy, Bids the wand'ring sinner come.
Let it be our hap-py portion To proclaim the SAVIOUR'S praise. AMEN.

70. Beautiful Saviour.

Crusaders' Hymn.


1. Beau - ti - ful SAV - IOUR, King of cre - a - tion,
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er the moon - light,
4. Beau - ti - ful SAV - IOUR, LORD of the na - tions,
SON of GOD and SON of MAN!
Robed in flowers of bloom - ing spring;
And the spark - ling stars on high;
SON of GOD and SON of MAN!
Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd serve Thee,
JE - SUS is fair - er, JE - SUS is pur - er,
Je - SUS shines bright - er, JE - SUS shines pur - er,
Glo - ry and hon - our, Praise, ad - o - ra - tion,
Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
He makes our sorrowing spir - its sing.
Than all the an - gels in the sky.
Now and for ev - er - more be Thine. A-MEN.

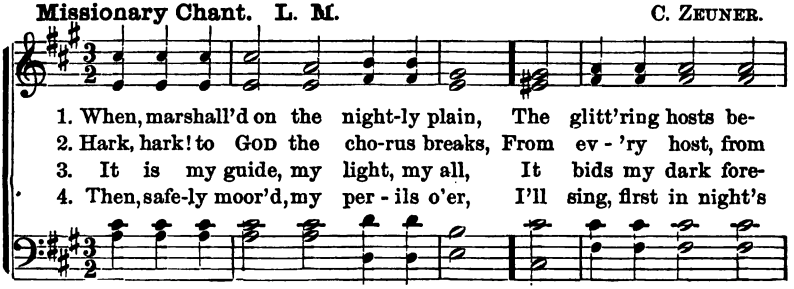
71. As by the light of opening day.

***Court Street. C. M.**

1. As by the light of o - p'ning day The stars are all con-cealed, So earth - ly pleas-ures fade a-way When JE - SUS is re - vealed.
2. Crea-tures no more di - vide my choice, I bid them all de - part; His name, and love, and gra - cious voice Shall fix my rov - ing heart.
3. Now, LORD, I would be Thine a - lone, And whol - ly live to Thee; Yet worth - less still my - self I own, Thy worth is all my plea. A - MEN.

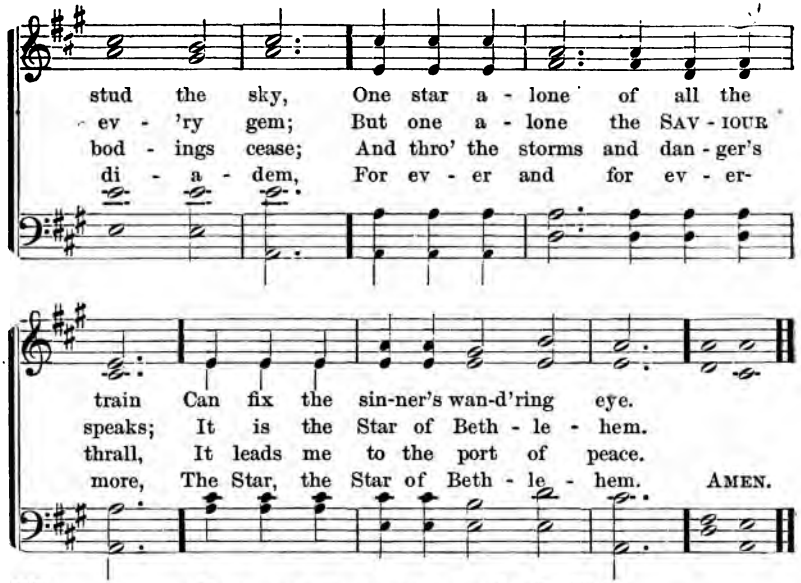
72. When, marshalled on the nightly plain.

Missionary Chant. L. M. C. ZEUNER.


1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring hosts be-
2. Hark, hark! to GOD the cho-rus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from
3. It is my guide, my light, my all, It bids my dark fore-
4. Then, safe-ly moor'd, my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's

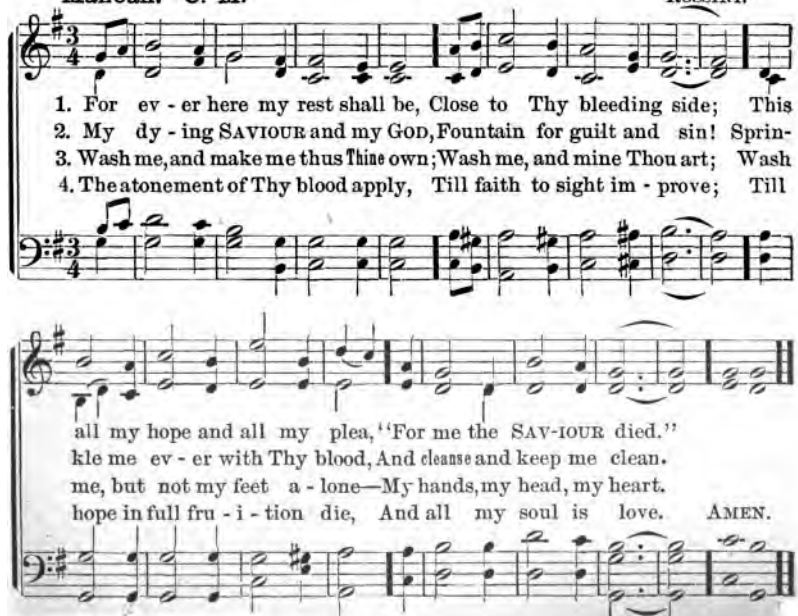
Redemption.

When, marshalled on the nightly plain—*Concluded.*


stud the sky, One star a - lone of all the
ev - 'ry gem; But one a - lone the SAV - IOUR
bod - ings cease; And thro' the storms and dan - ger's
di - a - dem, For ev - er and for ev - er-
train Can fix the sin-ner's wan-d'ring eye.
speaks; It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
thrall, It leads me to the port of peace.
more, The Star, the Star of Beth - le - hem. AMEN.

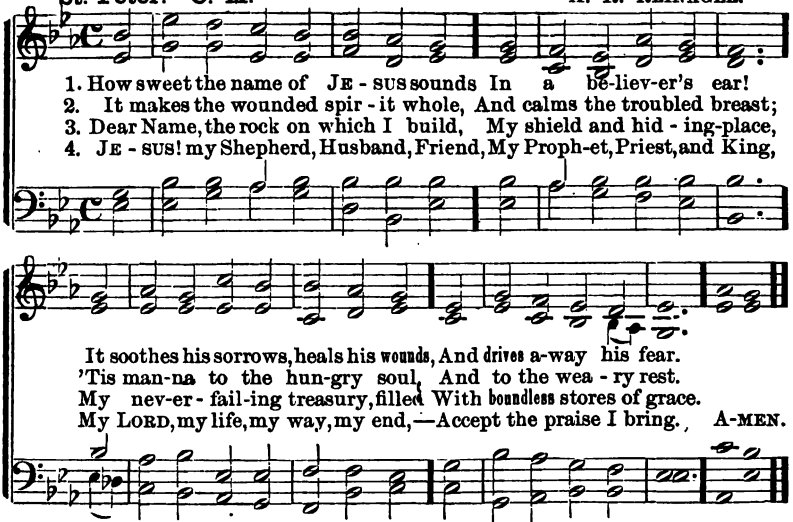
73. For ever here my rest shall be.

Manoah. C. M. ROSSINI.


1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side; This
2. My dy - ing SAVIOUR and my GOD, Fountain for guilt and sin! Sprin-
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash
4. The atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight im - prove; Till
all my hope and all my plea, "For me the SAV-IOUR died."
kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
me, but not my feet a - lone—My hands, my head, my heart.
hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul is love. AMEN.

74. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.

St. Peter. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE.

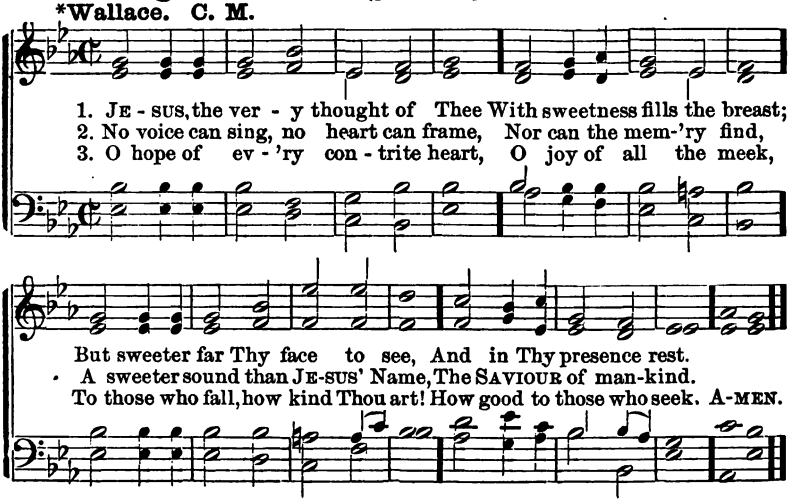

1. How sweet the name of JE - SUS sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing-place,
4. JE - SUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest, and King,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
My nev-er - fail-ing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
My LORD, my life, my way, my end,—Accept the praise I bring. A-MEN.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. AMEN.

75. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

*Wallace. C. M.


1. JE - SUS, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find,
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than JE-SUS' Name, The SAVIOUR of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek. A-MEN.

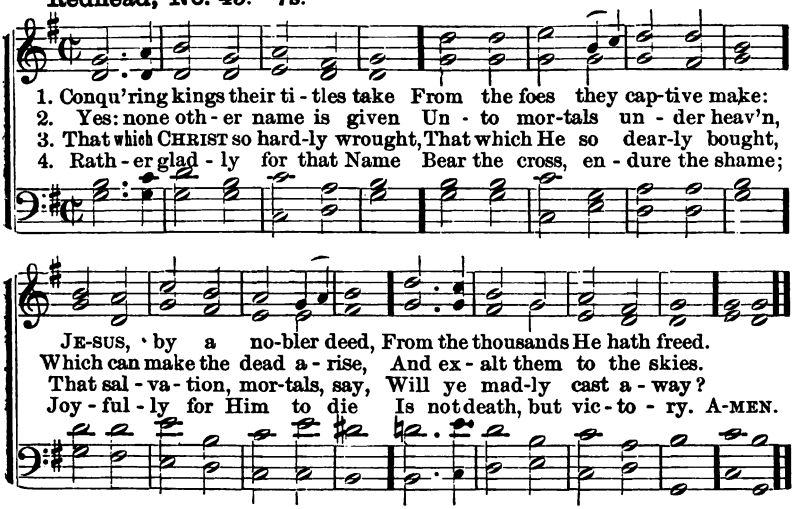
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5. JESUS, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now!
And through eternity. AMEN.

Redemption.

76. Conquering kings their titles take.

Redhead, No. 45. 7s.


1. Conqu'ring kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap-tive make:
2. Yes: none oth - er name is given Un - to mor-tals un - der heav'n,
3. That which CHRIST so hard-ly wrought, That which He so dear-ly bought,
4. Rath - er glad - ly for that Name Bear the cross, en - dure the shame;
JE-SUS, by a no-bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed.
Which can make the dead a - rise, And ex - alt them to the skies.
That sal - va - tion, mor-tals, say, Will ye mad-ly cast a - way?
Joy - ful - ly for Him to die Is not death, but vic - to - ry. A-MEN.

5. JESUS, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying Thy Name to-day.

6. Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, HOLY SON, to Thee,
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
From the saints and angel-host.
AMEN.

77. Saviour, source of every blessing.

St. John's. 8s, 7s. Rev. I. A. HAGAR. From "Familiar Hymns."

1. SAVIOUR, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays:
2. Teach me some me-lo-dious measure, Sung by raptured saints a-bove;
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of GOD;
4. By Thy hand re-stored, de-fend-ed, Safe thro' life thus far I've come;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas - ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.
Thou to save my soul from danger, Dids't redeem me with Thy blood.
Safe, O LORD, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heavenly home. AMEN.

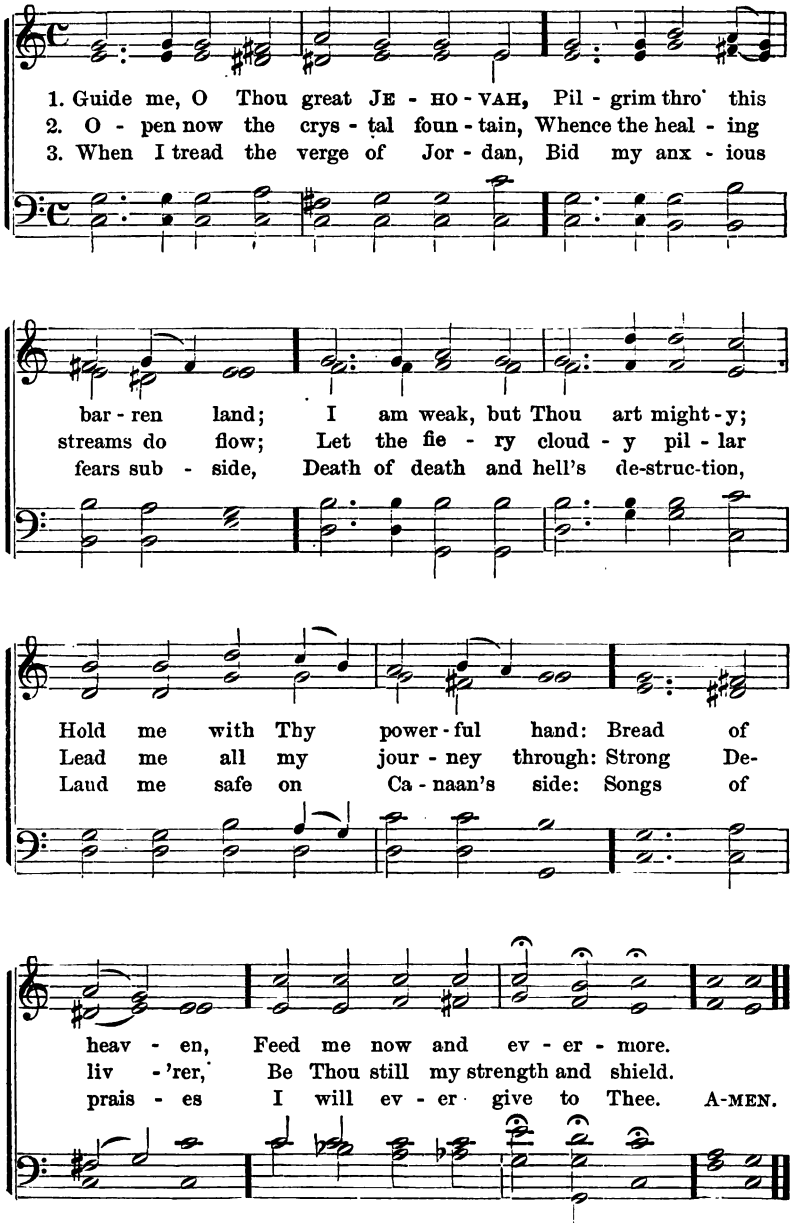
78. Jesus, Saviour of my soul.

Hollingside. 7s, D. Dr. DYKES.

1. JE - SUS, SAV-IOUR of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
While the waves of troub - le roll, While the tem-pest still is high:
Leave, ah; leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me:
Hide me, O my SAV-IOUR, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my hope from Thee I bring;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at las..
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing. AMEN

79 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah. XXX

Clarkson. 8s, 7s, 4. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Guide me, O Thou great JE - HO - VAH, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand: Bread of heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more.
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De- liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side, Death of death and hell's de-struc-tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A-MEN.

Faith.

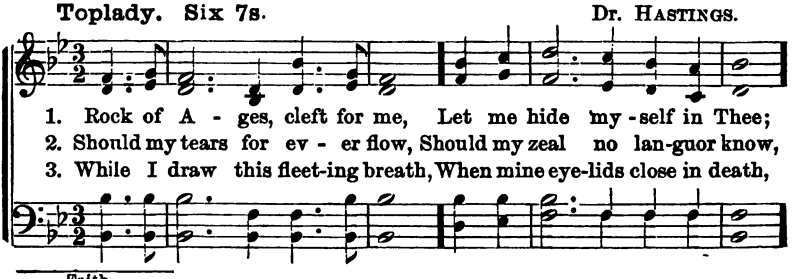
80. My faith looks up to Thee.

St. Augustine. 6s. 4s. From "Familiar Hymns."

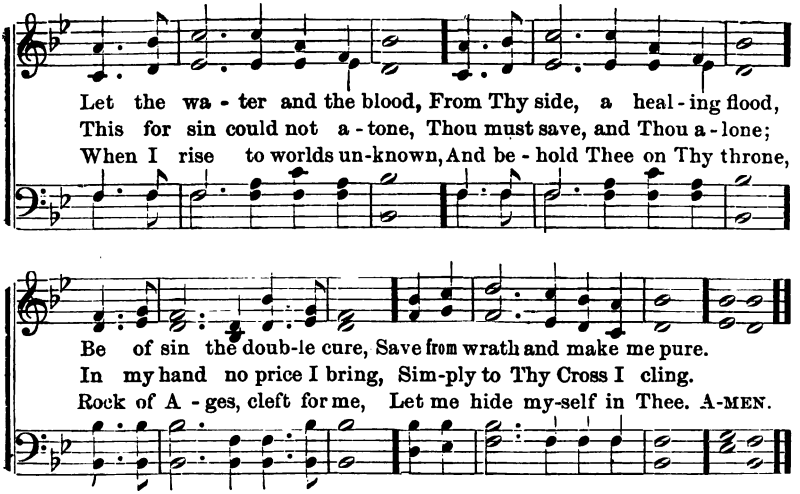
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, SAV - IOUR di-
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream Shall o'er me
vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt a-way;
spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee
Guide; Bid darkness turn to day; Wipe sor-row's tears a-way,
roll, Blest SAVIOUR, then in love, Fear and dis - trust remove;
O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - som'd soul. AMEN.

81. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

Toplady. Six 7s. Dr. HASTINGS.

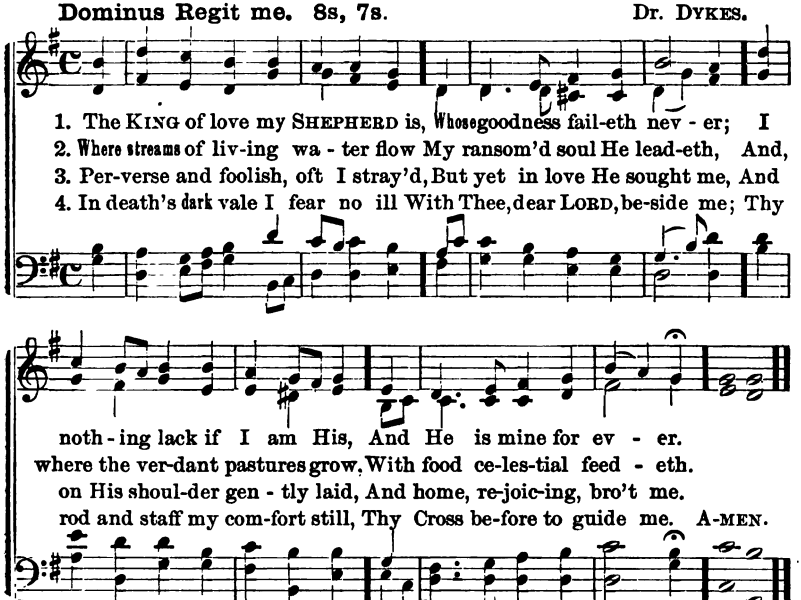

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—*Concluded.*


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy Cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. A-MEN.

82. The King of love my Shepherd is.

Dominus Regit me. 8s, 7s. Dr. DYKES.


1. The KING of love my SHEPHERD is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er; I
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow My ransom'd soul He lead-eth, And,
3. Per-verse and foolish, oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me, And
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear LORD, be-side me; Thy
noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er.
where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed - eth.
on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, bro't me.
rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy Cross be-fore to guide me. A-MEN.

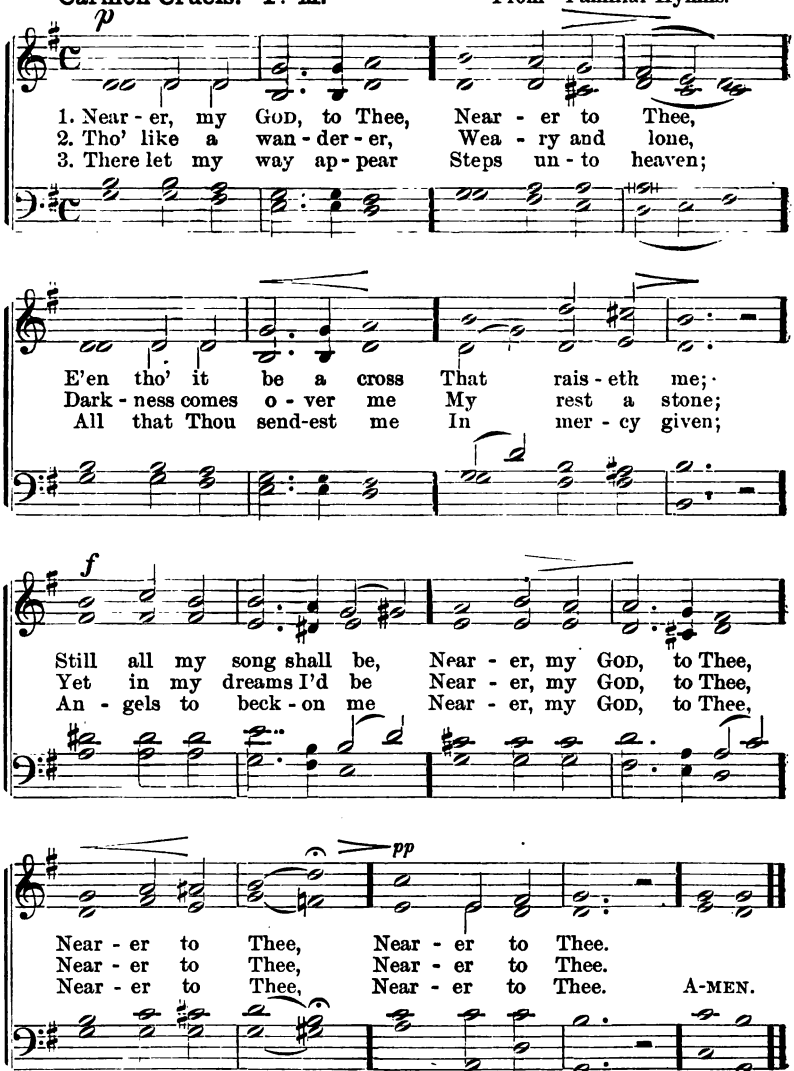
5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

6. And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good SHEPHERD, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever! AMEN.

Faith.

83. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Carmen Crucis. P. M. From "Familiar Hymns."


p
1. Near - er, my GOD, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone,
3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven;
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Dark - ness comes o - ver me My rest a stone;
All that Thou send-est me In mer - cy given;
f
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my GOD, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my GOD, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my GOD, to Thee,
pp
Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

5. Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. AMEN.

84. Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord. XXX

*Oswego. C. M. D.

1. Thou art my hid-ing-place, O LORD! In Thee I put my trust,
2. When storms of fierce temp-ta-tion beat, And fu-rious foes as-sail,
3. 'Mid tri-als heav-y to be borne, When mor-tal strength is vain,
4. And when Thine aw-ful voice com-mands This bo-dy to de-cay,
En-cour-aged by Thy ho-ly word, A fee-ble child of dust.
My ref-uge is the mer-cy-seat, My hope with-in the veil.
A heart with grief and an-guish torn, A bod-y rack'd with pain;
And life in its last ling-'ring sands, Is ebb-ing fast a-way,—
I have no ar-gu-ment be-side, I urge no oth-er plea;
From strife of tongues and bit-ter words My spir-it flies to Thee:
Ah! what could give the suf-f'rer rest, Bid ev-'ry mur-mur flee,
Then, tho' it be in ac-cents weak, And faint and trem-bling-ly,
And 'tis e-nough the SAV-IOUR died, The SAV-IOUR died for me.
Joy to my heart the thought af-fords, My SAV-IOUR died for me.
But this, the wit-ness in my breast, That JE-SUS died for me?
O give me strength in death to speak, My SAV-IOUR died for me. A-MEN.

85. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.

*Foundation. 11s. D.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the LORD,
2. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
3. The soul that to JE - SUS hath fled for re - pose,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
The riv - ers of woe shall not thee ov - er - flow;
I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
For I will be with thee, thy troub - les to bless,
That soul, though all hell shall en - deav - or to shake,
You who un - to JE - SUS for ref - uge have fled?
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
I'll nev - er— no, nev - er— no, nev - er for - sake.

Faith.

How firm a foundation—*Concluded.*

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
When thro' fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
O FA - THER, Al - might - y, to thee be ad - dress'd,
I, I am thy GOD, and will still give thee aid;
My grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;
With CHRIST and the SPIR - IT, one GOD ev - er bless'd,
I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign
All glo - ry and wor - ship from earth and from heaven,
Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
As was, and is now, and shall ev - er be given. A-MEN.

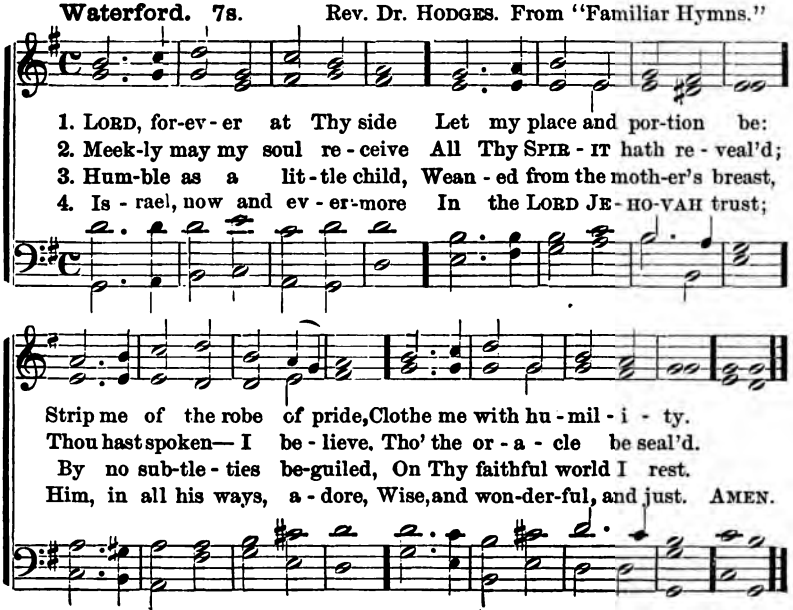
86. Jesus, grant me this, I pray.

Herbert. 7s. From "Familiar Hymns."

1. JE-SUS. grant me this, I pray, Ev - er in Thy Heart to stay;
2. If the e - vil one pre-pare, Or the world, a tempt-ing snare,
3. If the flesh, more dang'rous still, Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
4. Death will come one day to me; JE - SUS, cast me not from Thee:
Let me ev - er - more a - bide Hid-den in Thy wounded Side.
I am safe when I a - bide In Thy Heart and wounded Side.
Naught I fear when I a - bide In Thy Heart and wounded Side.
Dy - ing let me still a - bide In Thy Heart and wounded Side. AMEN.

87. Lord, forever at Thy side.

Waterford. 7s. Rev. Dr. HODGES. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. LORD, for-ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por-tion be:
2. Meek-ly may my soul re - ceive All Thy SPIR - IT hath re - veal'd;
3. Hum-ble as a lit - tle child, Wean - ed from the moth-er's breast,
4. Is - rael, now and ev - er-more In the LORD JE - HO-VAH trust;
Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.
Thou hast spoken— I be - lieve, Tho' the or - a - cle be seal'd.
By no sub-tle - ties be-guiled, On Thy faithful world I rest.
Him, in all his ways, a - dore, Wise, and won-der-ful, and just. AMEN.

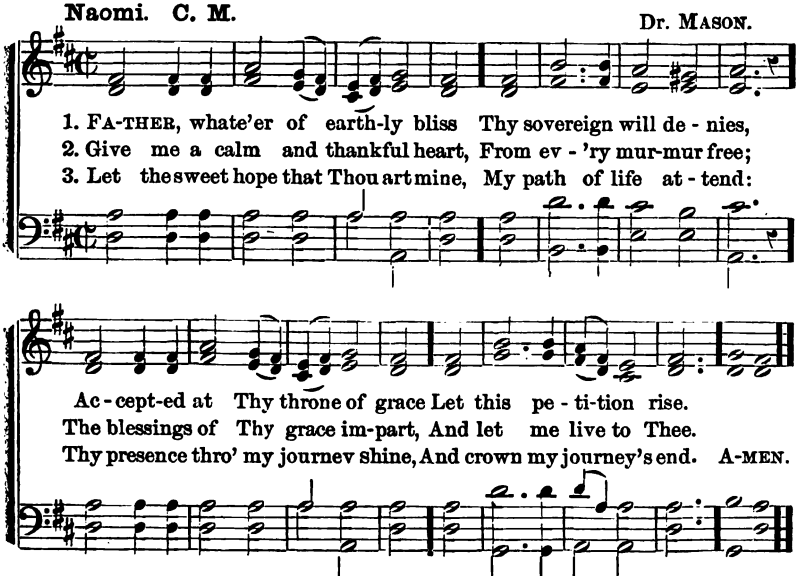
88. Far from my heavenly home.

Sienna. S. M. W. H. DEANE.

1. Far from my heav'nly home, Far from my FATHER's breast, Fainting I
2. My spirit homeward turns, And fain would thither flee; My heart, O
3. To thee, to thee I press, A dark and toilsome road; When shall I
4. GOD of my life, be near; On thee my hopes I cast; O guide me
cry, blest SPIR - IT, come, And speed me to my rest.
Si - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem - ber thee.
pass the wil - der - ness, And reach the saints' a - bode?
thro' the des - ert here, And bring me home at last. A-MEN.

89. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

Naomi. C. M. Dr. MASON.


1. FA-THER, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm and thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My path of life at - tend:
Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti-tion rise.
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And let me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. A-MEN.

90. Open wide the doors, and let the children enter.

*Open Wide the Doors.

1. O - pen wide the doors, and let the chil - dren en - ter,
2. Lit - tle chil - dren all should learn to love the SAV-IOUR
3. When at last we reach the shin - ing gates of heav - en,
While the joy - ful cho - rus ris - es to the sky;
For He left His home a - bove to die for them;
When we see Him stand - ing by the FA - THER'S throne,
O - pen wide the doors, and let the chil - dren en - ter,
They should ear - ly learn to love His bless - ed teach-ing,
Then in shouts of rapt - ure we will raise our voic - es
Sing - ing praise to GOD on high: Sing - ing Al - le - lu - ia to their
And should give their hearts to Him. He will o - pen wide for them the
Prais-ing CHRIST, the HO-LY ONE. We will join the hap-py throng be-
SAV-IOUR, LORD, and KING; Hark! with joy and glad-ness how their
doors be-yond the skies; They will bless His ho - ly name in
fore the Jas - per sea; We will sing His praise to all e-

Open wide the doors —*Concluded.*

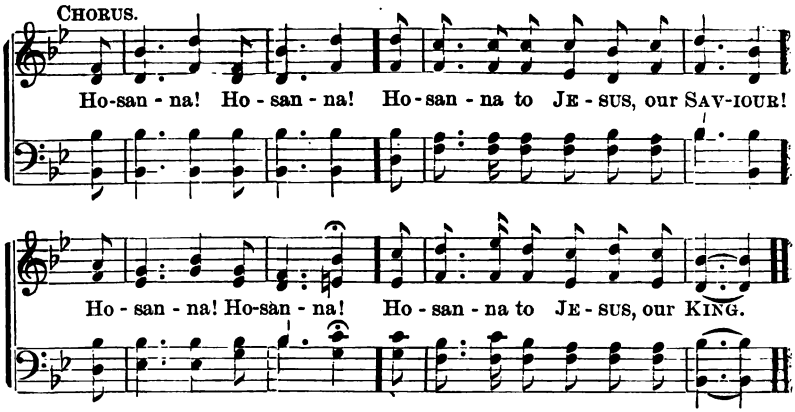
voic - es ring, While they praise the blessed LORD, the dear REDEEMER,
Par - a - dise; O-pen wide the doors, and let the children en - ter,
ter - ni - ty. O-pen wide the doors, and let the children en - ter,
CHORUS.
Who came down on earth to die. O - pen wide the doors,
For they love to wor - ship Him.
Let them bow be - fore His throne.
O-pen wide the
O - pen wide the doors, See the joy and gladness beam from
doors, O - pen wide the doors.
ev - 'ry eye. O - pen wide the doors and let the
chil - dren en - ter, Sing-ing praise to GOD on high.

91 When His salvation bringing.

*Hosanna. 7s, 6s, D.

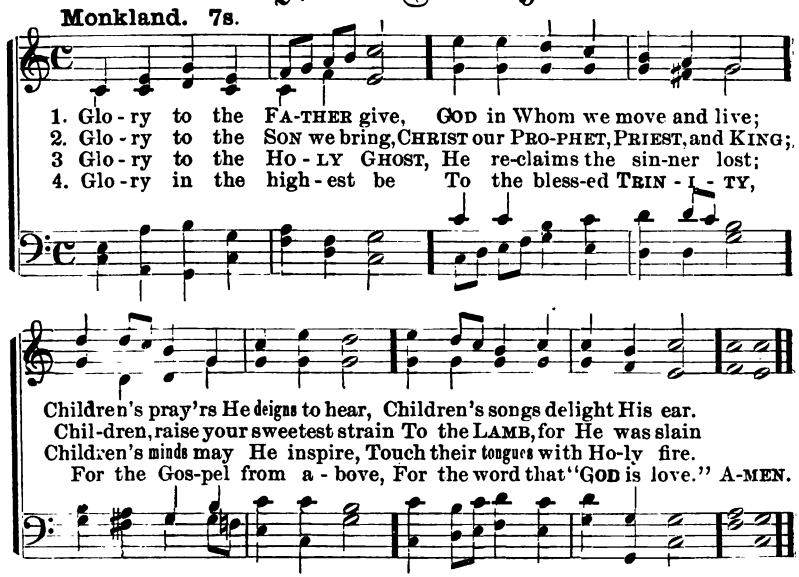
1. When, His sal - va - tion bring-ing, To Zi - on JE - SUS came,
2. And since the LORD re-tain - eth His love to chil - dren still,
3. For should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great RE-DEEM-ER'S praise,
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;
Tho' now as KING He reign-eth On Zi - on's heav'n-ly hill;
The stones, our si-lence sham - ing, Might well ho - san - na raise.
Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al SON:
No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the LORD'S.

When His salvation bringing—*Concluded.*



92. Glory to the Father give.

Monkland. 7s.


1. Glo - ry to the FA-THER give, GOD in Whom we move and live;
2. Glo - ry to the SON we bring, CHRIST our PRO-PHET, PRIEST, and KING;
3 Glo - ry to the HO - LY GHOST, He re-claims the sin-ner lost;
4. Glo - ry in the high - est be To the bless-ed TRIN - I - TY,
Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear.
Chil-dren, raise your sweetest strain To the LAMB, for He was slain
Children's minds may He inspire, Touch their tongues with Ho-ly fire.
For the Gos-pel from a - bove, For the word that "GOD is love." A-MEN.

93. Children of the heavenly King.

Tune 92.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly KING,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

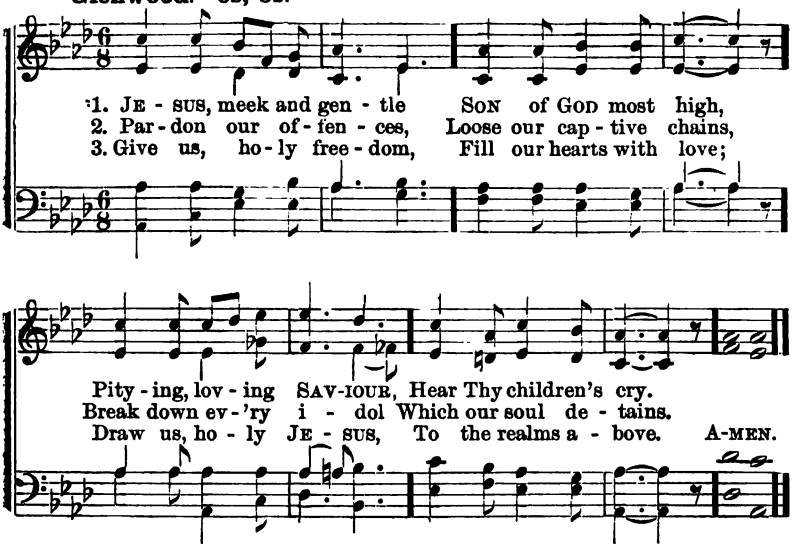
2. We are travelling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Banish'd once, by sin betrayed,
CHRIST our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
CHRIST conducts us to our home.

4. Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. AMEN.

94. Jesus, meek and gentle.

*Glenwood. 6s, 5s.


1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle Son of God most high,
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains,
3. Give us, ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav-iour, Hear Thy children's cry.
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove. A-men.

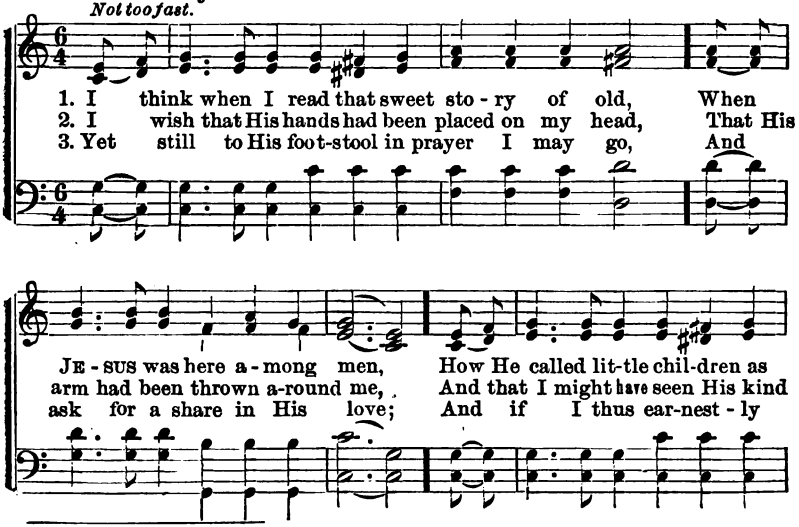
4. Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5. Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

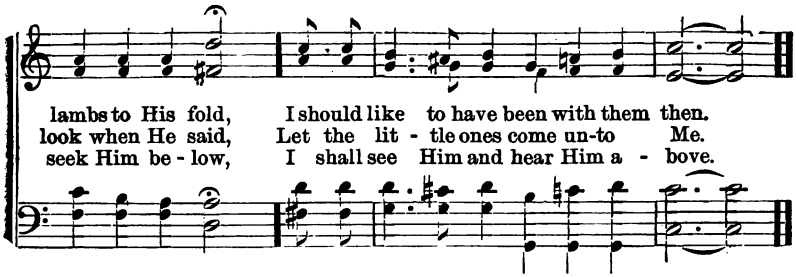
95. I think when I read that sweet story of old.

*Sweet Story. P. M.

Not too fast.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I thus ear-nest - ly

I think when I read—*Concluded.*

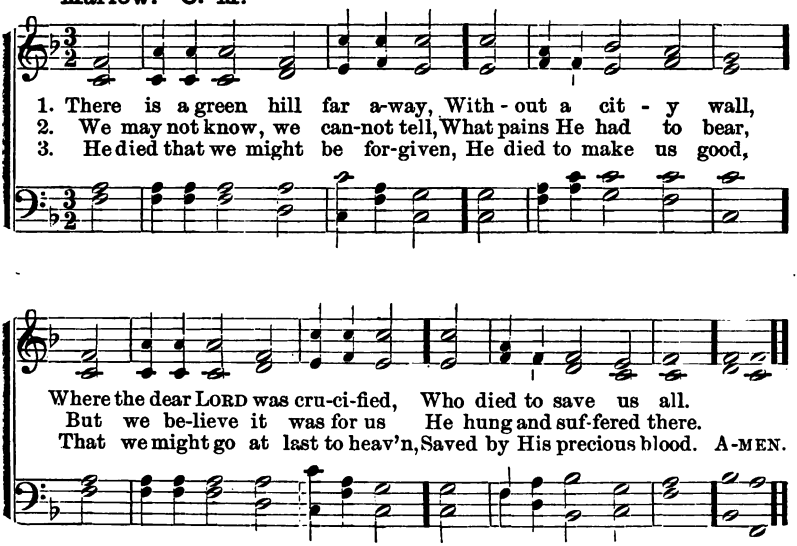

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, Let the lit - tle ones come un-to Me.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

4. In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that JESUS has bid them to come.

96. There is a green hill far away.

Marlow. C. M.


1. There is a green hill far a-way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
Where the dear LORD was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood. A-MEN.

4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5. O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. AMEN.

97. In the vineyard of our Father.

*Little Toilers. 8s. 7s. 4.

1. In the vine-yard of our FA-THER Dai-ly work we find to do;
2. Toil-ing ear - ly in the morn-ing, Catching moments thro' the day,
3. Not for self - ish praise or glo-ry, Not for ob - jects nothing worth,
Scattered gleanings we may gath-er, Tho' we are but young and few;
Nothing small or low-ly scorning While we work, and watch, and pray;
But to send the blessed sto - ry Of the Gos - pel o'er the earth,
Lit-tle clus-ters, lit-tle clus-ters Help to fill the gar-ner too.
Gath'ring gladly, gath'ring gladly Free-will off'rings by the way.
Tell-ing mortals, telling mortals Of our LORD and SAVIOUR'S birth. AMEN.

4. Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
CHRIST shall in His kingdom come,
And His children, and His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5. Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly FATHER, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Singing, all eternity. AMEN.

98. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

Tune 97.

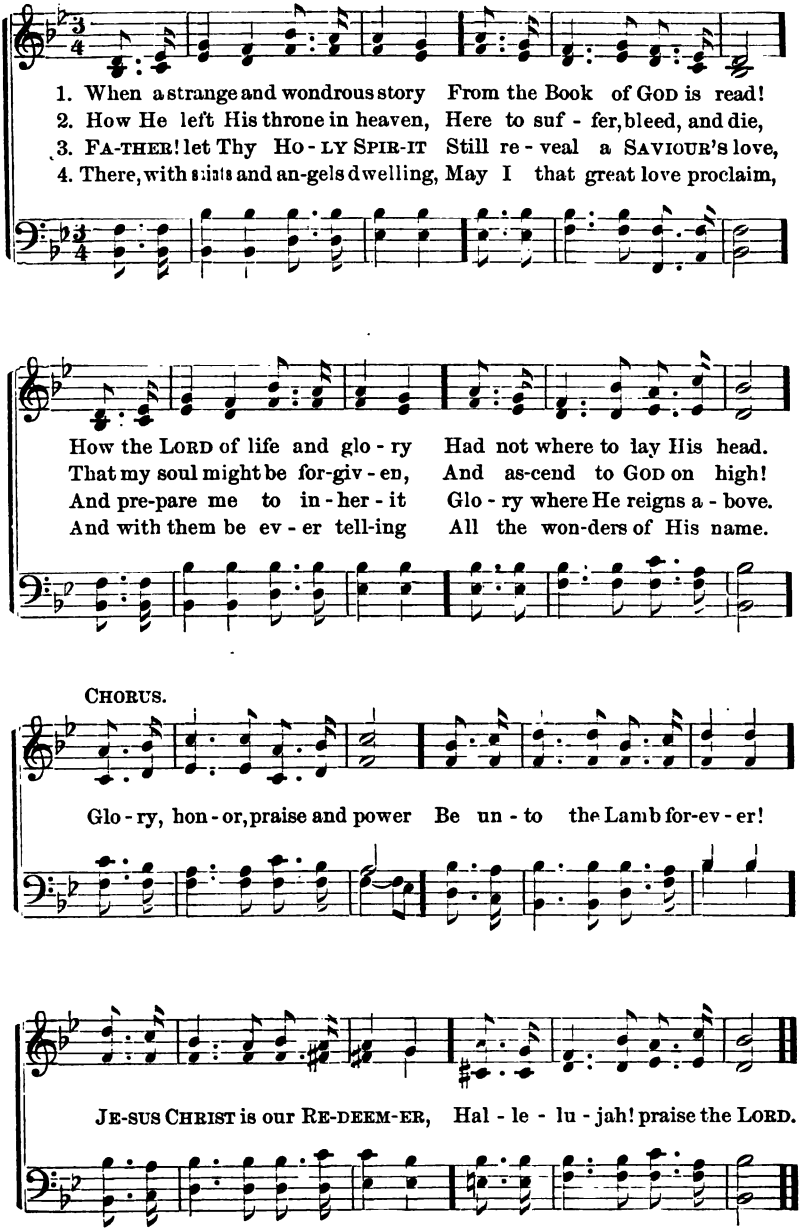
1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed JESUS! Blessed JESUS!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed JESUS! Blessed JESUS!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3. Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do thou, LORD, our only SAVIOUR,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed JESUS! Blessed JESUS!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still.
AMEN.

99. What a strange and wondrous story.

Wondrous Story. 8s, 7s.


1. When a strange and wondrous story From the Book of GOD is read!
2. How He left His throne in heaven, Here to suf - fer, bleed, and die,
3. FA-THER! let Thy HO - LY SPIR-IT Still re - veal a SAVIOUR'S love,
4. There, with saints and an-gels dwelling, May I that great love proclaim,
How the LORD of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head.
That my soul might be for-giv - en, And as-cend to GOD on high!
And pre-pare me to in - her - it Glo - ry where He reigns a - bove.
And with them be ev - er tell-ing All the won-ders of His name.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and power Be un - to the Lamb for-ev - er!
JE-SUS CHRIST is our RE-DEEM-ER, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the LORD.

100. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

St. Gertrude. 6s, 5s. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satans's host doth flee; On, then, Christian
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of GOD; Brothers, we are
JE - SUS, Go-ing on be-fore. CHRIST the roy - al Mas-ter
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Leads against the foe, Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go.
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices. Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the Cross of JE - SUS Go - ing on be - fore. A-MEN.

Onward, Christian Soldiers—*Concluded.*

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have CHRIST'S own promise,
And that cannot fail.
CHORUS. Onward, &c.

5. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto CHRIST the KING;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
CHORUS. Onward, &c. AMEN.

101. Once in royal David's city.

Irby. 8s, 7s, 7s. Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. Once in roy - al Da-vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is GOD and LORD of all,
3. And, thro' all His wond'rous childhood, He would hon-our, and o - bey,
4. For He is our childhood's Pattern, Day by day like us He grew,
Where a moth - er laid her Ba-by, In a man - ger for His bed:
And His shel-ter was a stab-le, And His cra - dle was a stall;
Love, and watch the low-ly maiden In whose gen-tle arms He lay;
He was lit - tle, weak and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew;
Ma - ry was that mother mild, JE - SUS CHRIST her lit - tle Child.
With the poor, the mean, the lowly, Lived on earth our SAVIOUR Holy.
Christian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He;
And He feel - eth for our sadness, And He shar - eth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our LORD in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

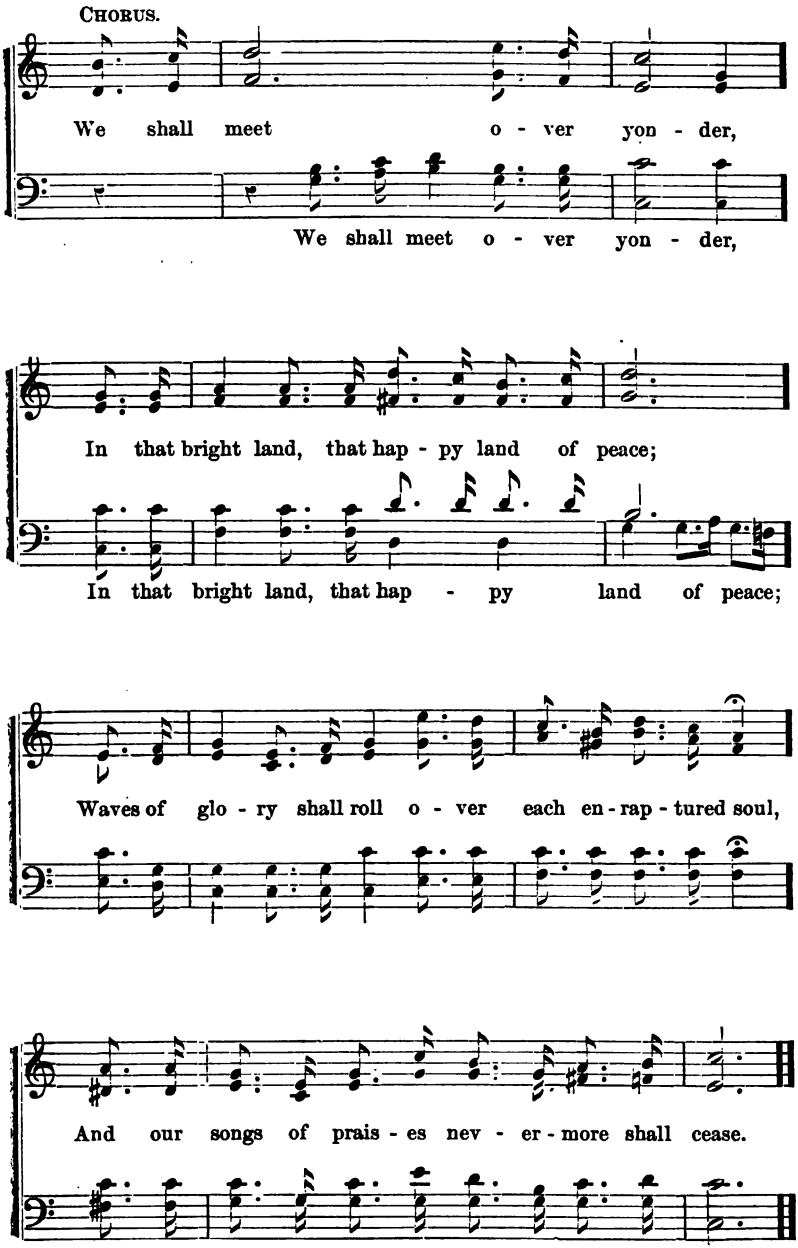
6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at GOD'S right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

102. We shall meet over yonder.

*Over yonder. J. E. WILLIAMS.

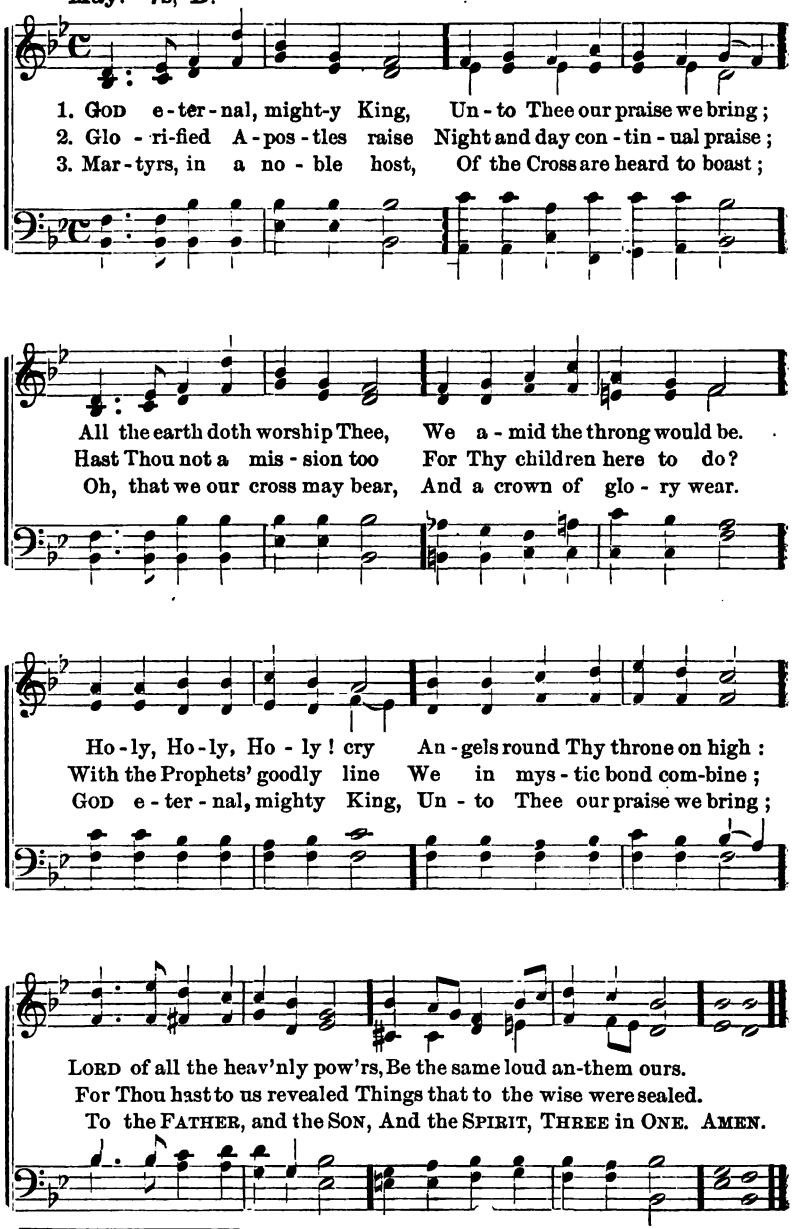
1. We shall meet, we shall meet o - ver yon - der,
2. We shall meet, we shall meet o - ver yon - der,
3. We shall meet, we shall meet o - ver yon - der,
4. We shall meet, we shall meet o - ver yon - der,
With our loved ones, a hap - py, bless - ed throng;
Where the King in His beau - ty we shall see;
And to - geth - er shall tread the streets of gold;
Where the glo - ry shall be for - ev - er - more;
At the feet, at the feet of the SAV - IOUR,
Nev - er - more, nev - er - more shall we wan - der,
We shall see, we shall see our GOOD SHEP - HERD,
O how sweet! O how sweet is the prom - ise,
We shall join our voic - es in en - rap - tured song.
But shall in His glo - rious pres - ence ev - er be.
And His ten - der arms the lit - tle lambs will fold.
That our sor - rows end up - on the oth - er shore.

We shall meet over yonder—*Concluded.*


CHORUS.
We shall meet o - ver yon - der,
We shall meet o - ver yon - der,
In that bright land, that hap - py land of peace;
In that bright land, that hap - py land of peace;
Waves of glo - ry shall roll o - ver each en - rap - tured soul,
And our songs of prais - es nev - er - more shall cease.

103 God eternal, mighty King.

*May. 7s, D.


1. God e-ter-nal, might-y King, Un-to Thee our praise we bring;
2. Glo-ri-fied A-pos-tles raise Night and day con-tin-ual praise;
3. Mar-tyrs, in a no-ble host, Of the Cross are heard to boast;
All the earth doth worship Thee, We a-mid the throng would be.
Hast Thou not a mis-sion too For Thy children here to do?
Oh, that we our cross may bear, And a crown of glo-ry wear.
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! cry An-gels round Thy throne on high:
With the Prophets' goodly line We in mys-tic bond com-bine;
God e-ter-nal, mighty King, Un-to Thee our praise we bring;
Lord of all the heav'nly pow'rs, Be the same loud an-them ours.
For Thou hast to us revealed Things that to the wise were sealed.
To the Father, and the Son, And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

104. O happy band of pilgrims.

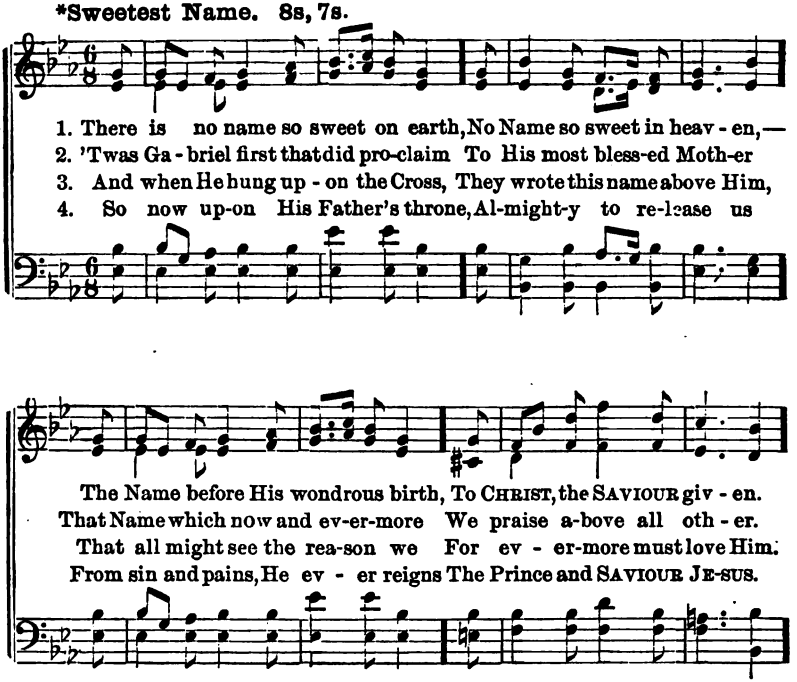
***Maurice. 7s. 6s. D.**

Lively.

1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,
2. The cross that JE- SUS car - ried, He car - ried as your due;
3. The tri - als that be - set you, The sor-rows ye en - dure,
4. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,
With JE - SUS as your Com - rade, To JE - SUS as your Head;
The crown that JE-SUS wear - eth, He wear - eth it for you;
The man - i - fold temp - ta - tions That death a - lone can cure,—
With JE - SUS as your Com - rade, To JE - SUS as your Head,
O hap - py if ye la - bor As JE - SUS did for men;
The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,
What are they, but His jew - els Of right ce - les - tial worth?
Look up - ward as ye jour - ney, Look up - ward to the skies,
O hap - py if ye hun - ger As JE - SUS hungered then.
The love that thro' all troub - les To Him a - lone will turn;
What are they, but the lad - der Set up to heav'n on earth?
Where such a light af - flic - tion Shall win so great a prize. A-MEN.

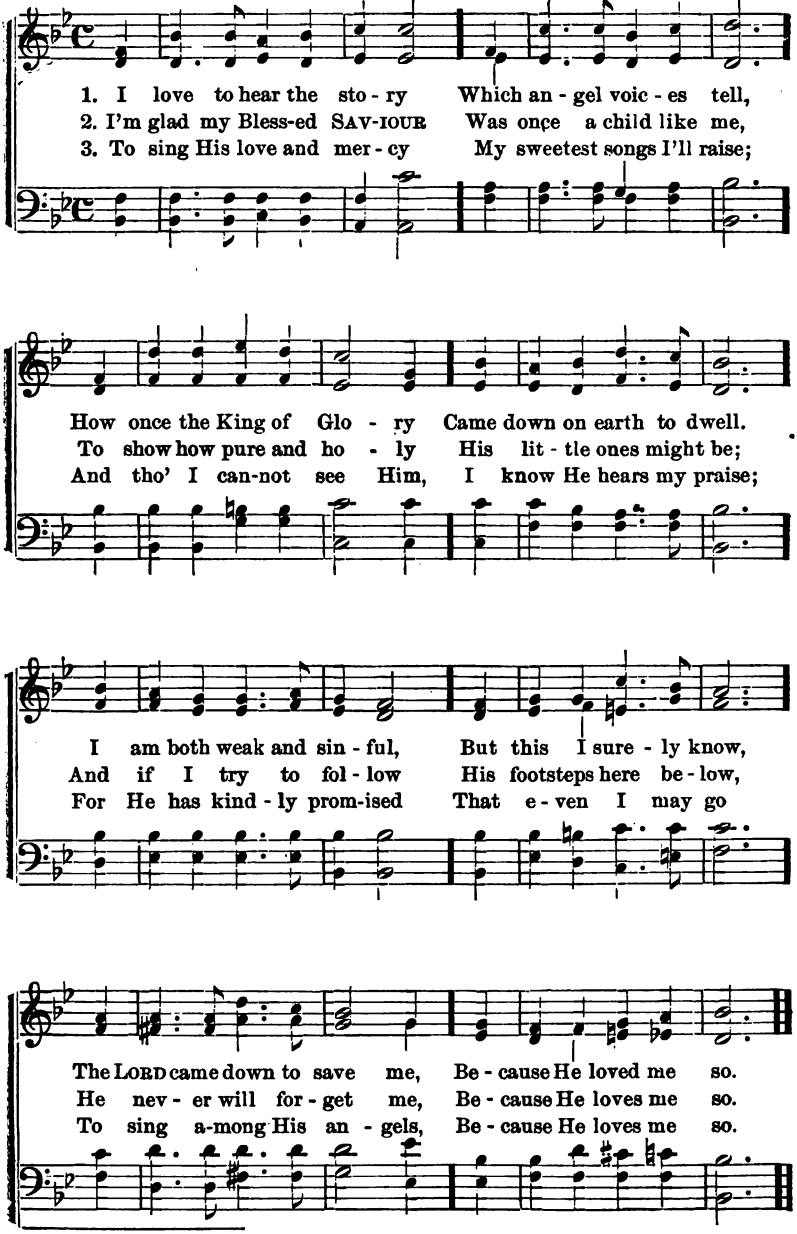
105. There is no name so sweet on earth.

*Sweetest Name. 8s, 7s.


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No Name so sweet in heav - en,—
2. 'Twas Ga - briel first that did pro-claim To His most bless-ed Moth-er
3. And when He hung up - on the Cross, They wrote this name above Him,
4. So now up-on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re-lease us
The Name before His wondrous birth, To CHRIST, the SAVIOUR giv - en.
That Name which now and ev-er-more We praise a-bove all oth - er.
That all might see the rea-son we For ev - er-more must love Him.
From sin and pains, He ev - er reigns The Prince and SAVIOUR JE-SUS.
CHORUS.
We love to sing to CHRIST, our KING, And hail Him blessed JE - SUS,
For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as JE-SUS.

106. I love to hear the story.

St. Margaret. 7s, 6s, D H. F. HENRY.


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell,
2. I'm glad my Bless-ed SAV-IOUR Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweetest songs I'll raise;
How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
And tho' I can-not see Him, I know He hears my praise;
I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His footsteps here be - low,
For He has kind - ly prom-ised That e - ven I may go
The LORD came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
To sing a-mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

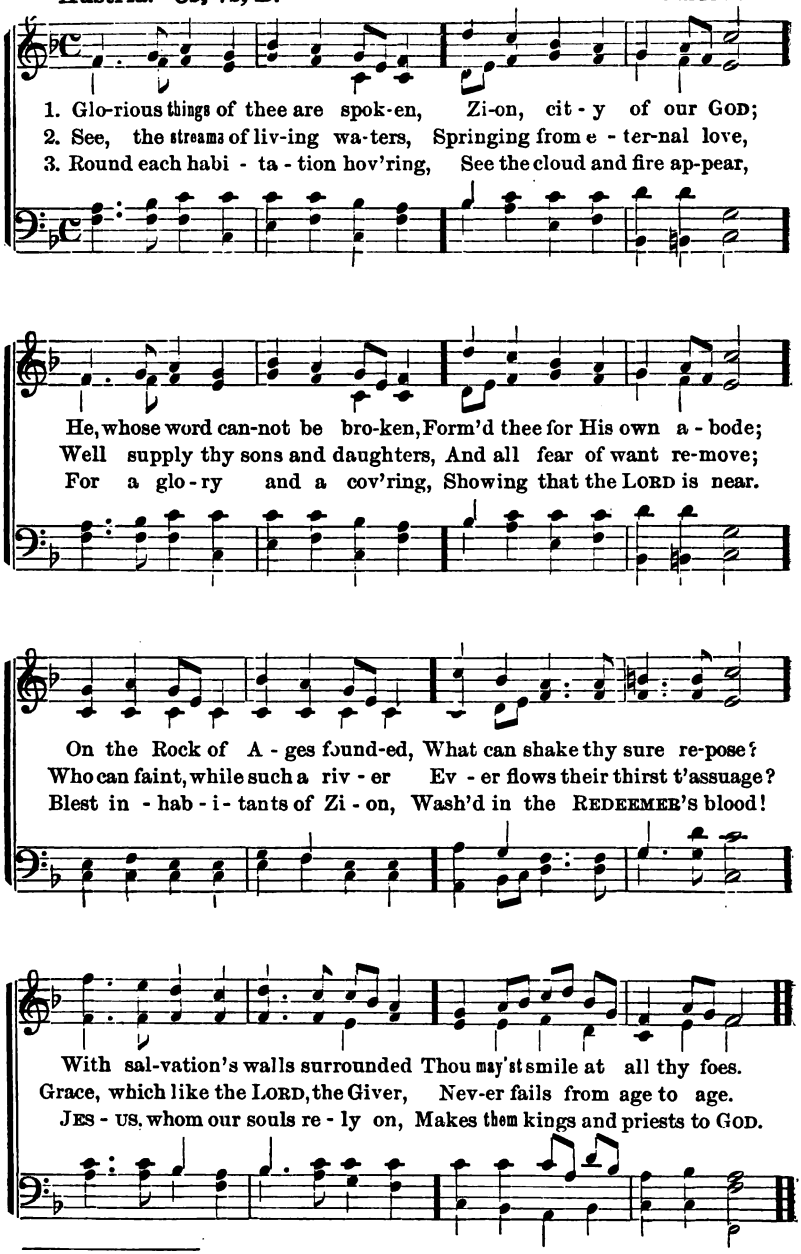
107. Pleasant are Thy courts above.

St. George. 7s. D. Sir G. J. ELVEY.

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love:
2. Hap-py birds that sing and fly Round Thy al - tars, O most High!
3. Hap-py souls! their praises flow, Ev - er in this vale of woe;
4. LORD, be mine this prize to win; Guide me thro' a world of sin,
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low, In this land of sin and woe.
Happier souls, that find a rest In a heaven-ly FATHER'S breast!
Wa - ters in the des-ert rise, Man-na feeds them from the skies;
Keep me by Thy sav-ing grace, Give me at Thy side a place;
O, my spir-it longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints,
Like the wand'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length;
Sun and shield a - like Thou art, Guide and guard my err-ing heart;
For the brightness of Thy face, KING of glo - ry, GOD of grace!
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.
At Thy feet a-dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Shower, O shower them, LORD, on me. A-MEN.

108. Glorious things of thee are spoken.

Austria. 8s, 7s, D. HAYDN.


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our GOD;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
3. Round each habi-ta-tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move;
For a glo-ry and a cov'ring, Showing that the LORD is near.
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'assuage?
Blest in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on, Wash'd in the REDEEMER'S blood!
With sal-vation's walls surrounded Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which like the LORD, the Giver, Nev-er fails from age to age.
JES-US, whom our souls re-ly on, Makes them kings and priests to GOD.

109. Forth from the dark and stormy sky.

*Shelter. Six 8s.

1. Forth from the dark and storm - y sky, LORD, to Thine
2. Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we
al - tar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its
sought Thy rest in vain; Wil - dered in doubt, in
hope and fear, SAV-IOUR we seek Thy shel - ter
dark - ness lost, Long have our souls been tem - pest
p
rit
here: Wea - ry and weak, Thy grace we pray;
tost; Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;

Forth from the dark and stormy sky—*Concluded.*

110. Thy Kingdom come, O God.

Kemper. 6s.

J. E. WILLIAMS.
From "Familiar Hymns."

1. Thy king-dom come, O GOD, Thy reign, O CHRIST, be - gin;
2. Where is Thy rule of peace And pur - i - ty and love?
3. When comes the promised time That war shall be no more,
Break with Thine i - ron rod The tyr - an - nies of sin.
When shall all ha - tred cease, As in the realms a - bove?
Op-press-ion, lust and crime Shall flee Thy face be - fore? A-MEN.

4. We pray Thee, LORD, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5. Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold

6. O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set. AMEN.

111. The Church's one Foundation.

Aurelia. 7s. 6s. D. Dr. S. S. WESLEY.

1. The Church's one Foun-da - tion Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho' with a scorn-ful won - der, Men see her sore op - prest,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa-ter and the Word;
Her char-ter of sal - va - tion One LORD, one Faith, one Birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - trest;
From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly Bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par-takes one Ho - ly Food,
Yet saints their watch are keep-ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en-dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song. AMEN.

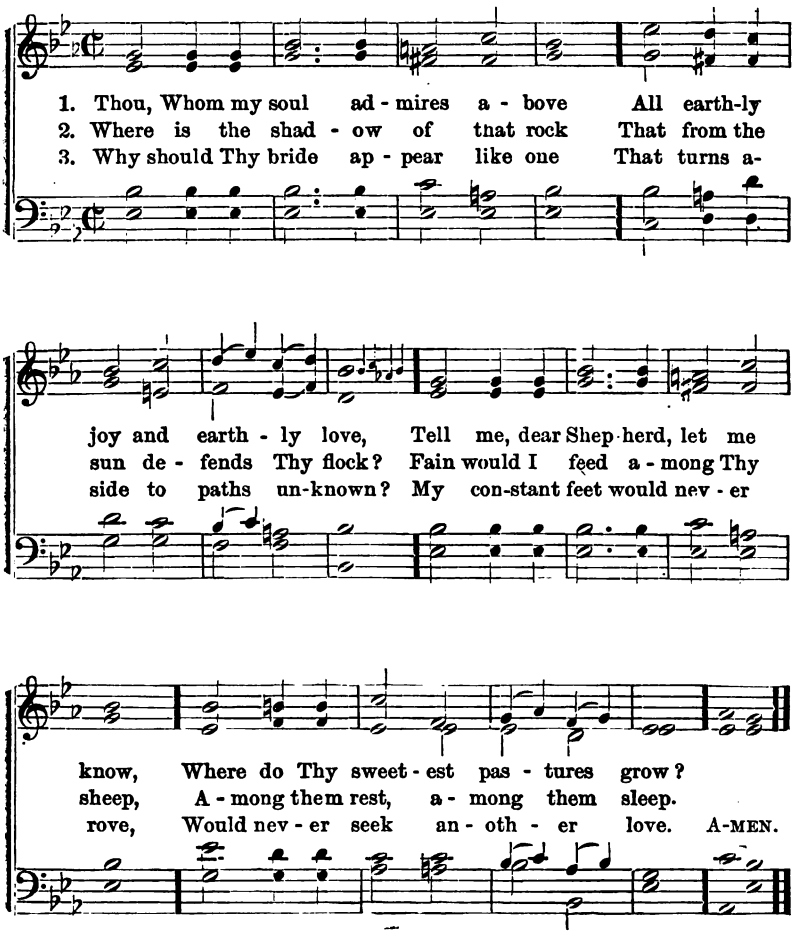
The Church's one Foundation—*Concluded.*

4. 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5. Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
LORD, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
AMEN.

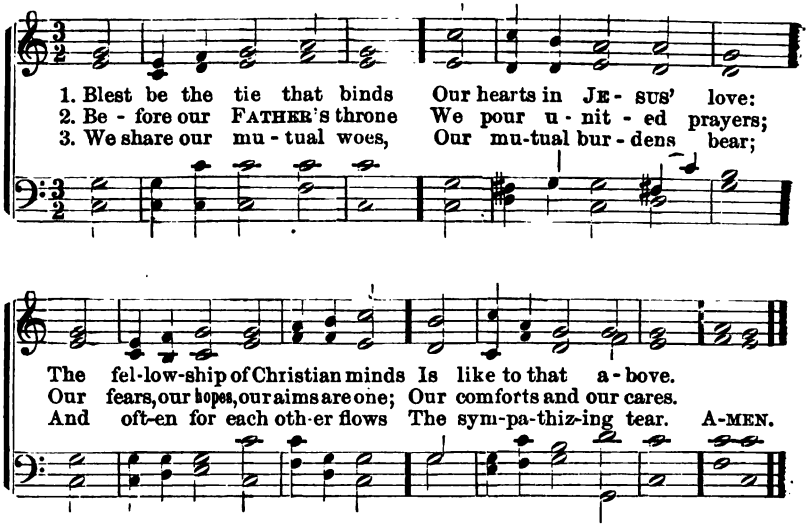
112. Thou, Whom my soul admires above.

*Chamberlain. L. M.


1. Thou, Whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earth-ly
2. Where is the shad - ow of that rock That from the
3. Why should Thy bride ap - pear like one That turns a-
joy and earth - ly love, Tell me, dear Shep-herd, let me
sun de - fends Thy flock? Fain would I feed a - mong Thy
side to paths un-known? My con-stant feet would nev - er
know, Where do Thy sweet - est pas - tures grow?
sheep, A - mong them rest, a - mong them sleep.
rove, Would nev - er seek an - oth - er love. A-MEN.

113. Blest be the tie that binds.

Boylston. S. M. Dr. MASON.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in JE- SUS' love:
2. Be - fore our FATHER'S throne We pour u - nit - ed prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu-tual bur - dens bear;
The fel-low-ship of Christian minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one; Our comforts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear. A-MEN.

4. When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain,
But one in CHRIST, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

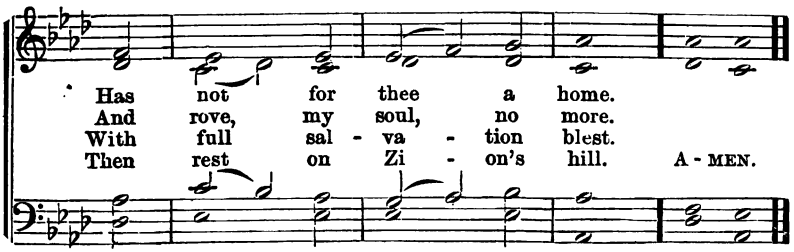
5. From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

114. O cease, my wandering soul.

***Bickford. S. M.**

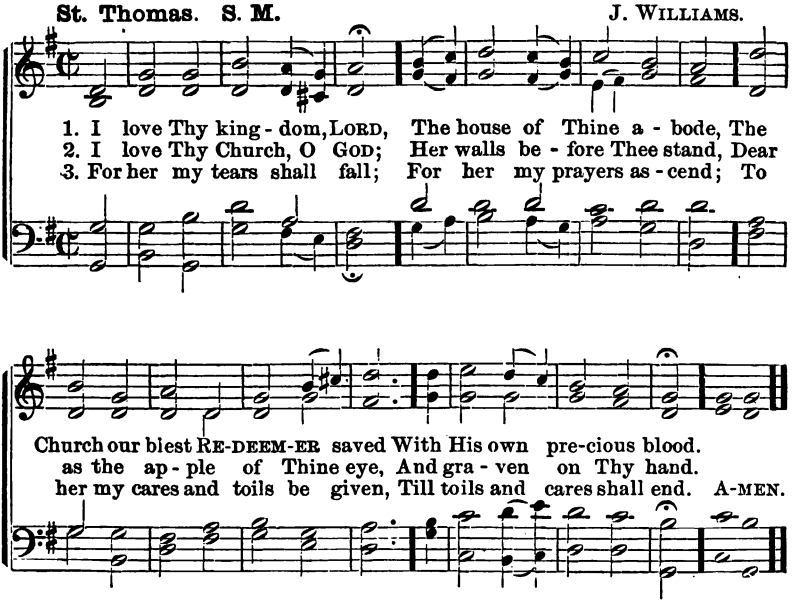
1. O cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less
2. Be - hold the Ark of GOD, Be - hold the
3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall
4. And when the waves of ire A - gain the
wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole,
o - pen door; Has - ten to gain that dear a - bode,
be thy rest, And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied,
earth shall fill, The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,

O cease, my wandering soul—*Concluded.*



115. I love Thy kingdom, Lord.

St. Thomas. S. M. J. WILLIAMS.


1. I love Thy king - dom, LORD, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. I love Thy Church, O GOD; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend; To
Church our blest RE-DEEM-ER saved With His own pre-cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. A-MEN.

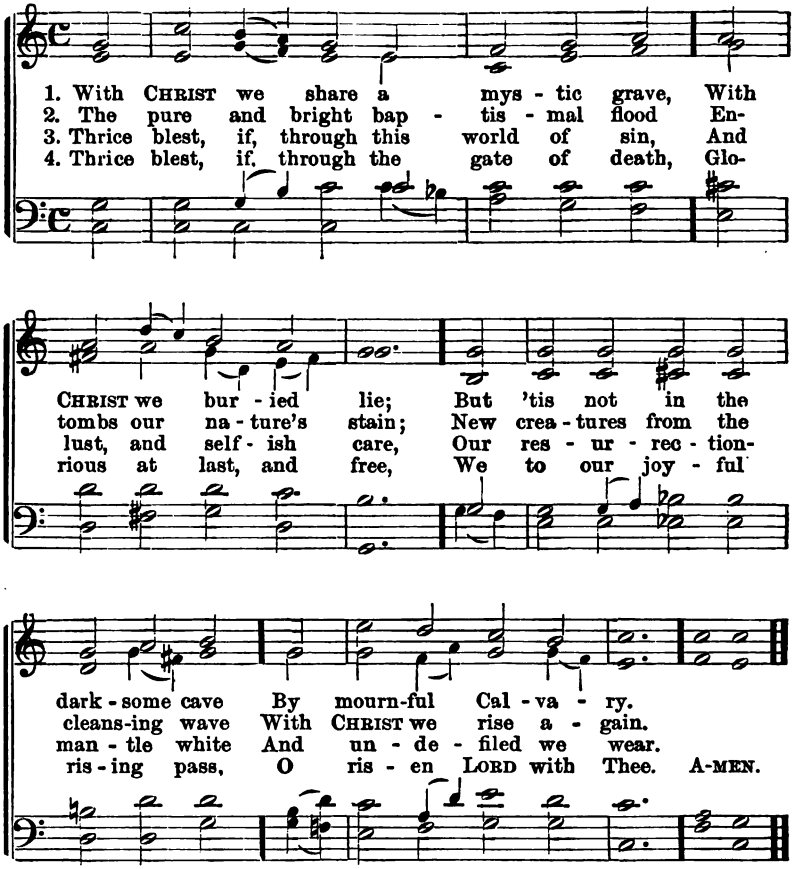
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. JESUS, Thou Friend divine,
Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

116. With Christ we share a mystic grave.

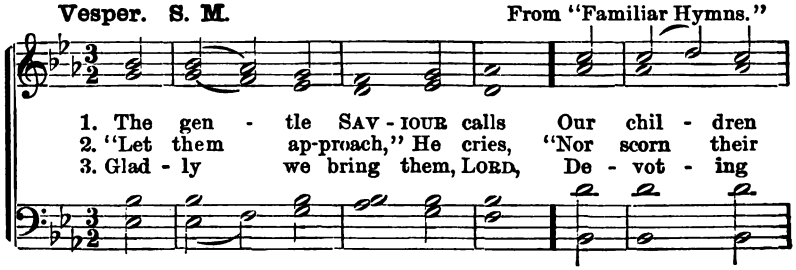
*Randall. C. M.


1. With CHRIST we share a mys - tic grave, With
2. The pure and bright bap - tis - mal flood En-
3. Thrice blest, if, through this world of sin, And
4. Thrice blest, if, through the gate of death, Glo-
CHRIST we bur - ied lie; But 'tis not in the
tombs our na - ture's stain; New crea - tures from the
lust, and self - ish care, Our res - ur - rec - tion-
rious at last, and free, We to our joy - ful
dark - some cave By mourn-ful Cal - va - ry.
cleans-ing wave With CHRIST we rise a - gain.
man - tle white And un - de - filed we wear.
ris - ing pass, O ris - en LORD with Thee. A-MEN.

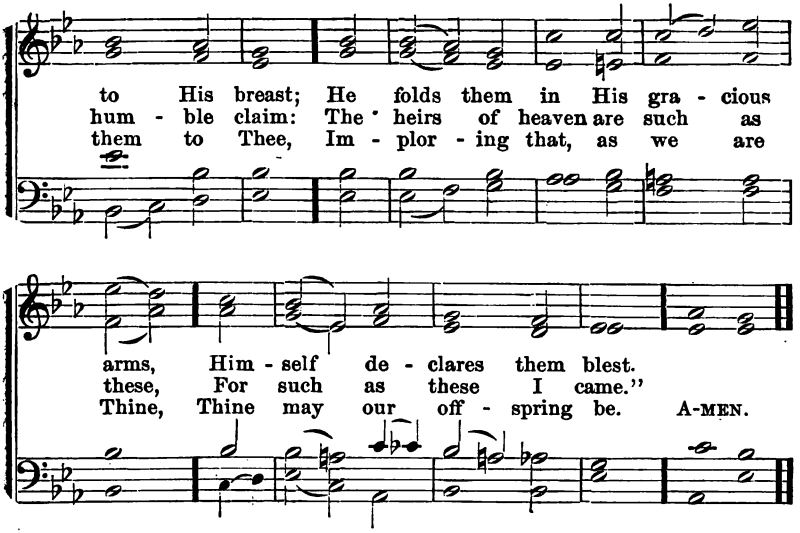
117. The gentle Saviour calls.

Vesper. S. M.

J. E. WILLIAMS.
From "Familiar Hymns."

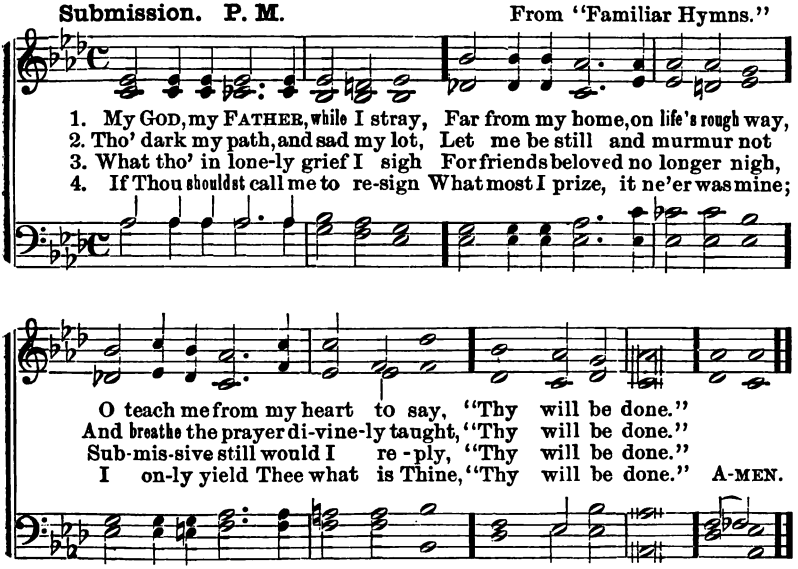


The gentle Saviour calls.—*Concluded.*


to His breast; He folds them in His gra - cious
hum - ble claim: The heirs of heaven are such as
them to Thee, Im - plor - ing that, as we are
arms, Him - self de - clares them blest.
these, For such as these I came."
Thine, Thine may our off - spring be. A-MEN.

118. My God, my Father, while I stray.

Submission. P. M. From "Familiar Hymns."

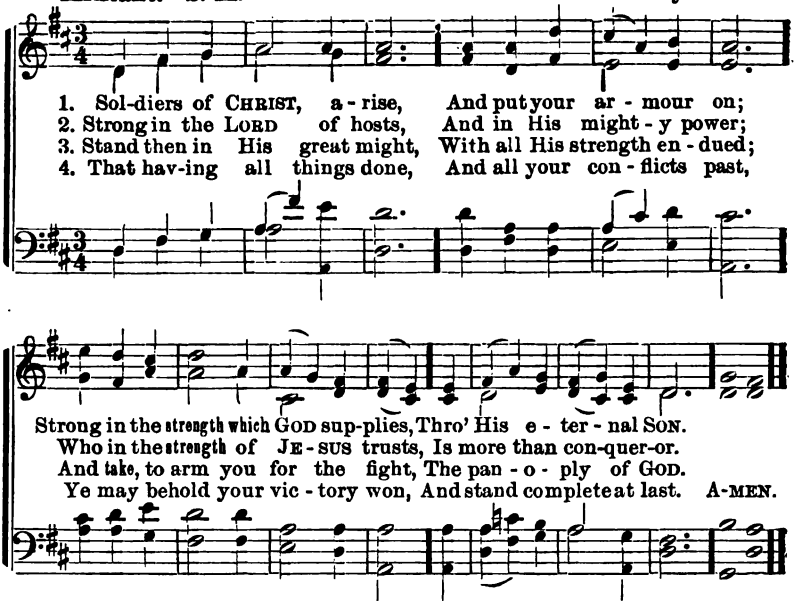

1. My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not
3. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends beloved no longer nigh,
4. If Thou shouldst call me to re-sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done."
And breathe the prayer di-vine-ly taught, "Thy will be done."
Sub-mis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done."
I on-ly yield Thee what is Thine, "Thy will be done." A-MEN.

5. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

6. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its Guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done." AMEN.

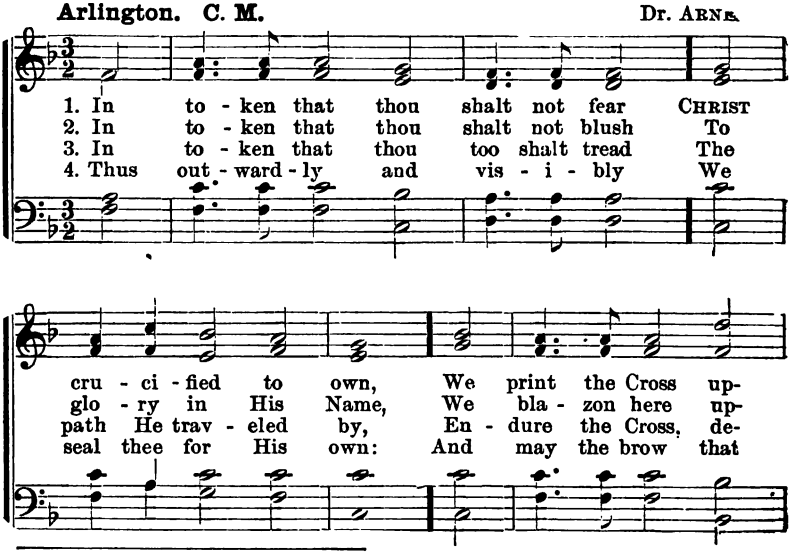
119. Soldiers of Christ, arise.

Militant. S. M. From "Familiar Hymns."

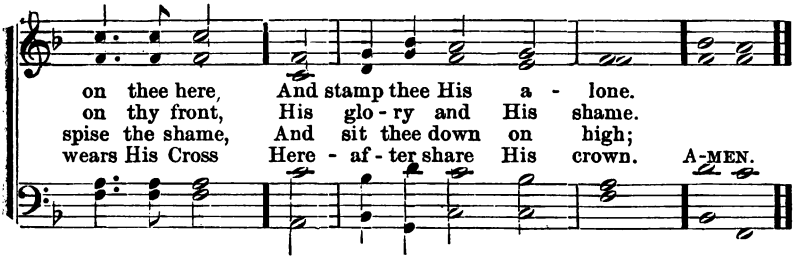

1. Sol-diers of CHRIST, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on;
2. Strong in the LORD of hosts, And in His might - y power;
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
4. That hav-ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,
Strong in the strength which GOD sup-plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal SON.
Who in the strength of JE - SUS trusts, Is more than con-quer-or.
And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of GOD.
Ye may behold your vic - tory won, And stand complete at last. A-MEN.

120. In token that thou shalt not fear.

Arlington. C. M. Dr. ARNE.


1. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear CHRIST
2. In to - ken that thou shalt not blush To
3. In to - ken that thou too shalt tread The
4. Thus out - ward - ly and vis - i - bly We
cru - ci - fied to own, We print the Cross up-
glo - ry in His Name, We bla - zon here up-
path He trav - eled by, En - dure the Cross, de-
seal thee for His own: And may the brow that

In token that thou shalt not fear—*Concluded.*


on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone.
on thy front, His glo - ry and His shame.
spise the shame, And sit thee down on high;
wears His Cross Here - af - ter share His crown. A-MEN.

121. Thine forever:—God of love.

*White. 7s.

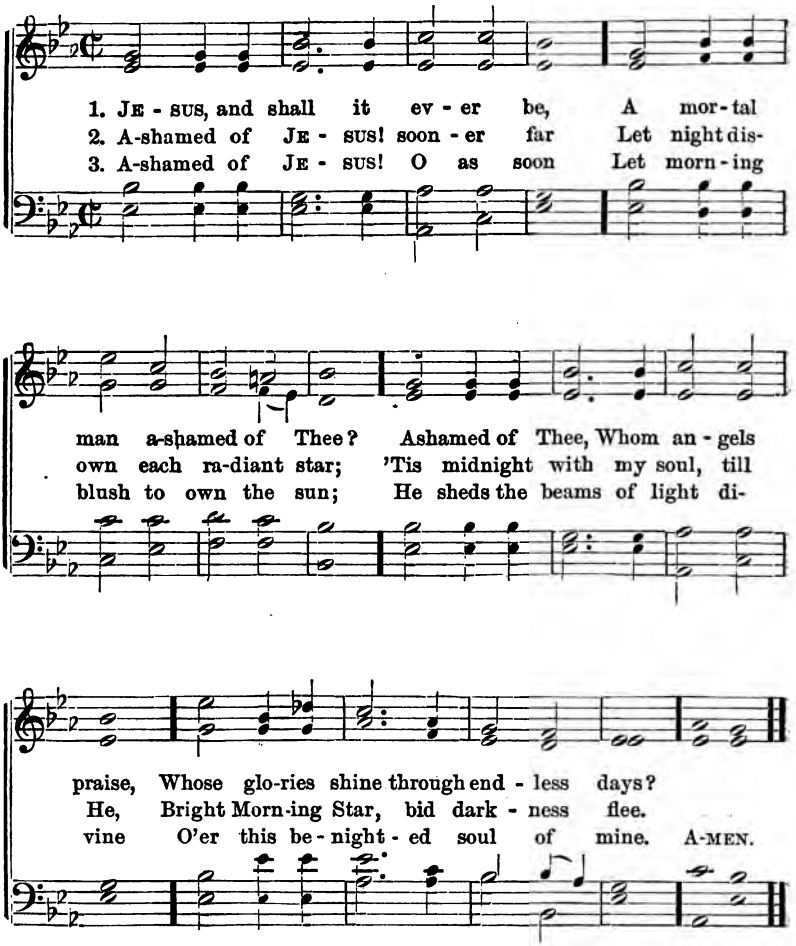
1. Thine for - ev - er:—GOD of love, Hear us from Thy
2. Thine for - ev - er:—LORD of life. Shield us thro' our
3. Thine for - ev - er:— O how bless'd They who find in
throne a - bove; Thine for ev - er may we be,
earth - ly strife: Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Thee their rest! SAV-IOUR, Guar-dian, heav'n - ly Friend,
Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Guide us to the realms of day.
O de - fend us to the end. A - MEN.

4. Thine for ever:—SAVIOUR, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5. Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to heaven.
AMEN.

122. Jesus, and shall it ever be.

*Cunningham. L. M.


1. JE - SUS, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
2. A-shamed of JE - SUS! soon - er far Let night dis-
3. A-shamed of JE - SUS! O as soon Let morn - ing
man a-shamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, Whom an - gels
own each ra-diant star; 'Tis midnight with my soul, till
blush to own the sun; He sheds the beams of light di-
praise, Whose glo-ries shine through end - less days?
He, Bright Morn-ing Star, bid dark - ness flee.
vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine. A-MEN.

4. Ashamed of JESUS! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5. Ashamed of JE-SUS! empty pride;
I'll boast a SAVIOUR crucified:
And O may this my portion be,
My SAVIOUR not ashamed of me. AMEN.

123. Jesus, I my cross have taken. XXX

Crux Sublata. 8s, 7s. D.

1. JE - SUS, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and follow Thee;
2. Man may troub-le and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
3. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
4. Haste then on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Des - ti-tute, de-spised for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear:
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be-fore thee, GOD'S own hand shall guide thee there
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Think what SPIR-IT dwells within Thee; What a FATHER'S smile is thine;
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! GOD and heav'n are still my own.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
What a SAVIOUR died to win thee; Child of heav'n, should'st thou repine?
Hope soon change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

124. Take my life and let it be.

*Self-Consecration. 7s. D.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra-ted, LORD, to Thee;
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa - ges from Thee;
3. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;
Take my love, my GOD, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways—on - ly for my KING.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev-'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. AMEN.

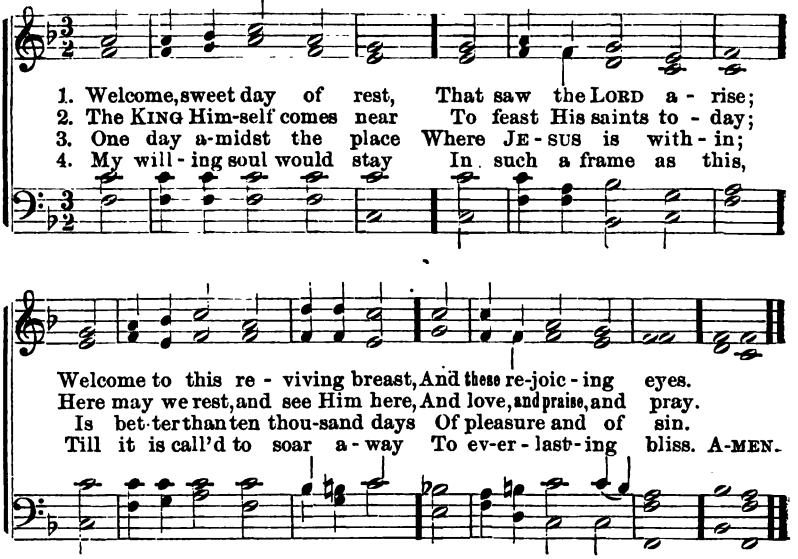
125. I heard the voice of Jesus say.

Nashotah. C. M. D. From "Familiar Hymns."

1. I heard the voice of JE - SUS say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of JE - SUS say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of JE - SUS say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast;"
The liv - ing water, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright:"
I came to JE-SUS as I was, All wea-ry, worn, and sad;
I came to JE-SUS, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream;
I looked to JE-SUS, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. A-MEN.

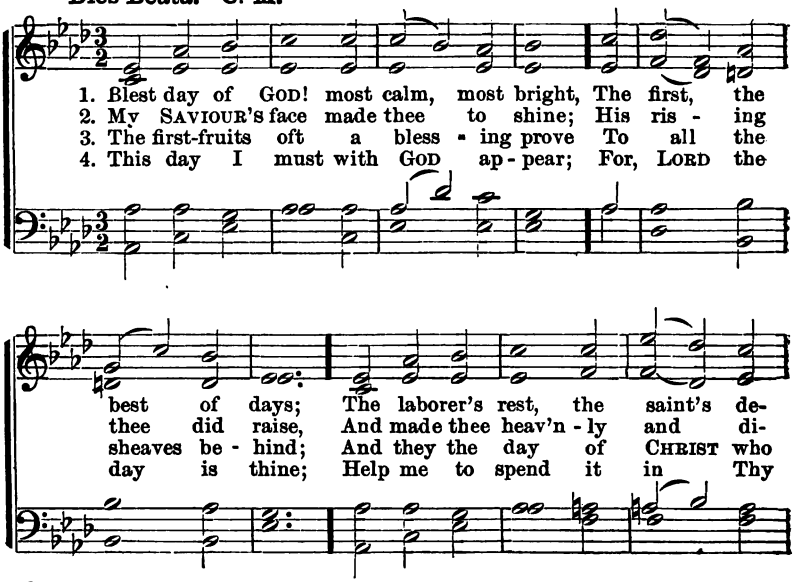
126. Welcome, sweet day of rest.

Berkeley. S. M.

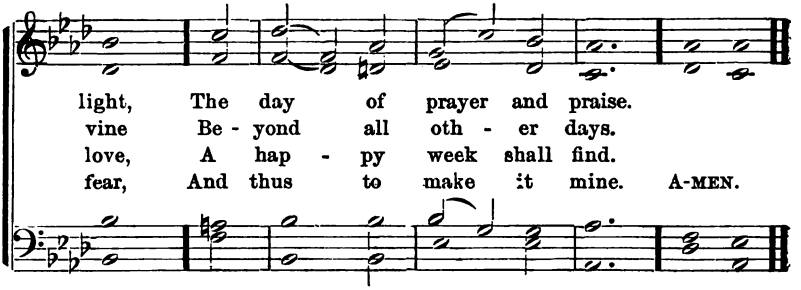

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the LORD a - rise;
2. The KING Him-self comes near To feast His saints to - day;
3. One day a-midst the place Where JE - SUS is with - in;
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,
Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these re-joic - ing eyes.
Here may we rest, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is bet-ter than ten thou-sand days Of pleasure and of sin.
Till it is call'd to soar a - way To ev-er - last-ing bliss. A-MEN.

127. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright.

***Dies Beata. C. M.**

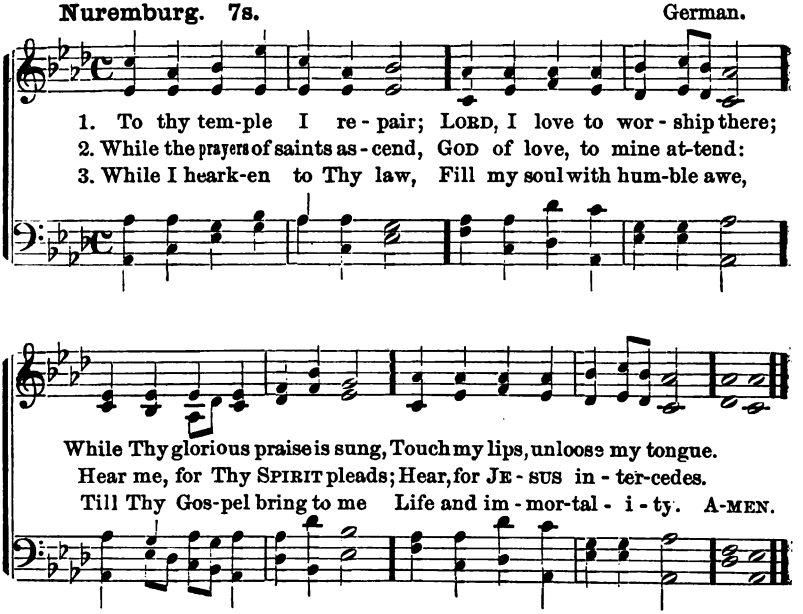

1. Blest day of GOD! most calm, most bright, The first, the
2. My SAVIOUR'S face made thee to shine; His ris - ing
3. The first-fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the
4. This day I must with GOD ap - pear; For, LORD the
best of days; The laborer's rest, the saint's de-
thee did raise, And made thee heav'n - ly and di-
sheaves be - hind; And they the day of CHRIST who
day is thine; Help me to spend it in Thy

Blest day of God!—*Concluded.*


light, The day of prayer and praise.
vine Be - yond all oth - er days.
love, A hap - py week shall find.
fear, And thus to make it mine. A-MEN.

128. To Thy temple I repair.

Nuremburg. 7s. German.

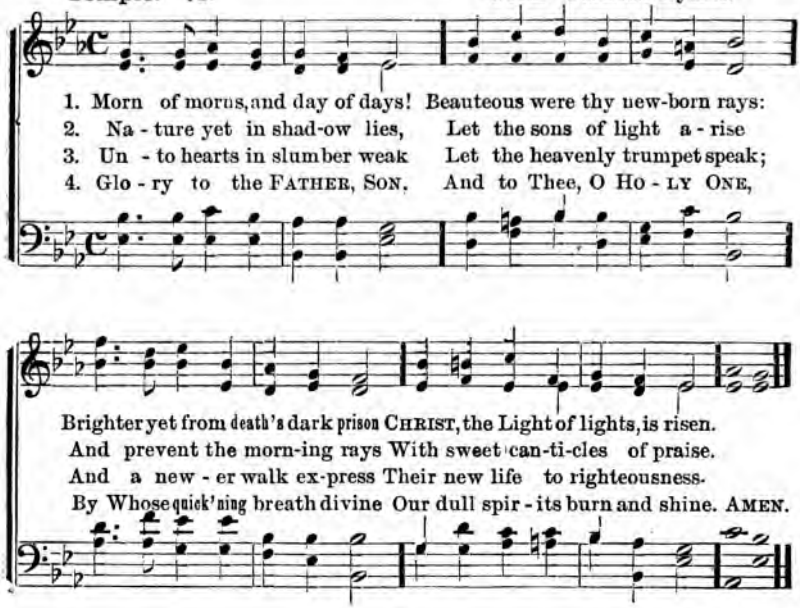

1. To thy tem-ple I re - pair; LORD, I love to wor - ship there;
2. While the prayers of saints as - cend, GOD of love, to mine at-tend:
3. While I heark-en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum-ble awe,
While Thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
Hear me, for Thy SPIRIT pleads; Hear, for JE - SUS in - ter-cedes.
Till Thy Gos-pel bring to me Life and im - mor-tal - i - ty. A-MEN.

4. While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5. From Thy house when I return,
Make my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with GOD to-day." AMEN.

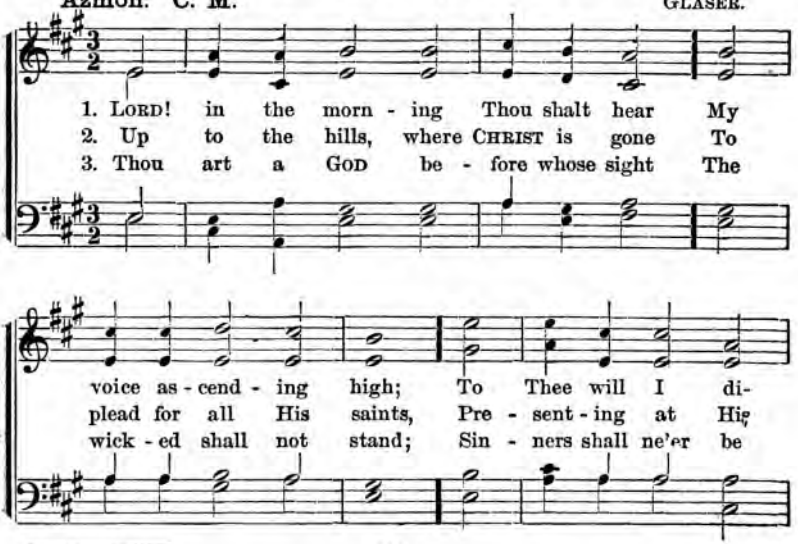
129. Morn of morns, and day of days.

Temple. 7s. From "Familiar Hymns."

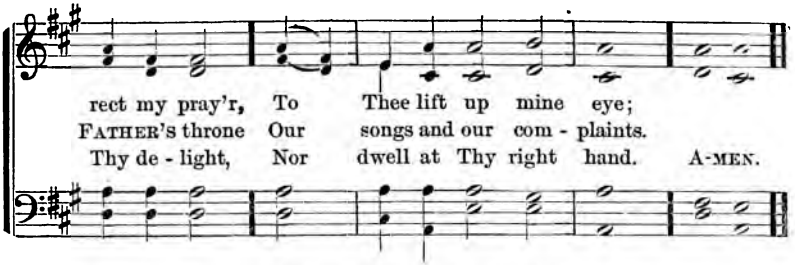

1. Morn of morns, and day of days! Beauteous were thy new-born rays:
2. Na - ture yet in shad-ow lies, Let the sons of light a - rise
3. Un - to hearts in slumber weak Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
4. Glo - ry to the FATHER, SON, And to Thee, O HO - LY ONE,
Brighter yet from death's dark prison CHRIST, the Light of lights, is risen.
And prevent the morn-ing rays With sweet can-ti-cles of praise.
And a new - er walk ex-press Their new life to righteousness.
By Whose quick'ning breath divine Our dull spir - its burn and shine. AMEN.

130. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear

Azmon. C. M. GLASER.


1. LORD! in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My
2. Up to the hills, where CHRIST is gone To
3. Thou art a GOD be - fore whose sight The
voice as - cend - ing high; To Thee will I di-
plead for all His saints, Pre - sent - ing at His
wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be

Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear—*Concluded.*

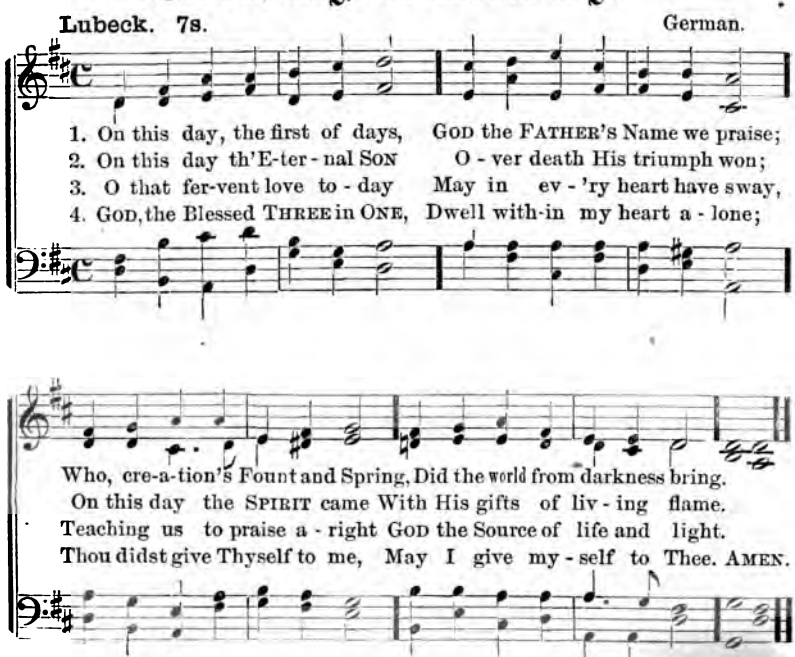

rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye;
FATHER'S throne Our songs and our com - plaints.
Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand. A-MEN.

4. But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5. O may Thy SPIRIT guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. AMEN.

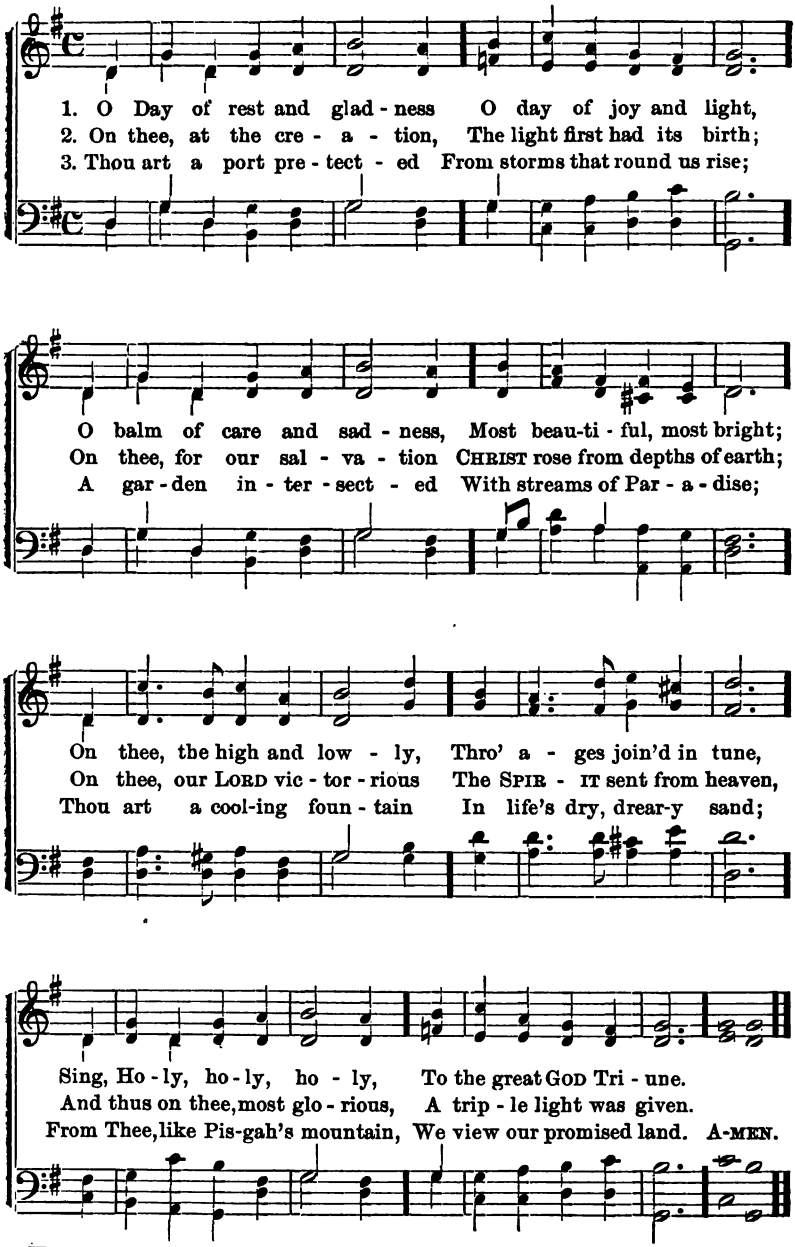
131. On this day, the first of days.

Lubeck. 7s. German.


1. On this day, the first of days, GOD the FATHER'S Name we praise;
2. On this day th'E-ter - nal SON O - ver death His triumph won;
3. O that fer-vent love to - day May in ev - 'ry heart have sway,
4. GOD, the Blessed THREE in ONE, Dwell with-in my heart a - lone;
Who, cre-a-tion's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.
On this day the SPIRIT came With His gifts of liv - ing flame.
Teaching us to praise a - right GOD the Source of life and light.
Thou didst give Thyself to me, May I give my - self to Thee. AMEN.

132. O day of rest and gladness.

St. Paul's 7s, 6s. D.


1. O Day of rest and glad - ness O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. Thou art a port pre - tect - ed From storms that round us rise;
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion CHRIST rose from depths of earth;
A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With streams of Par - a - dise;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges join'd in tune,
On thee, our LORD vic - tor - rious The SPIR - IT sent from heaven,
Thou art a cool-ing foun - tain In life's dry, drear-y sand;
Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great GOD Tri - une.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A trip - le light was given.
From Thee, like Pis-gah's mountain, We view our promised land. A-MEN.

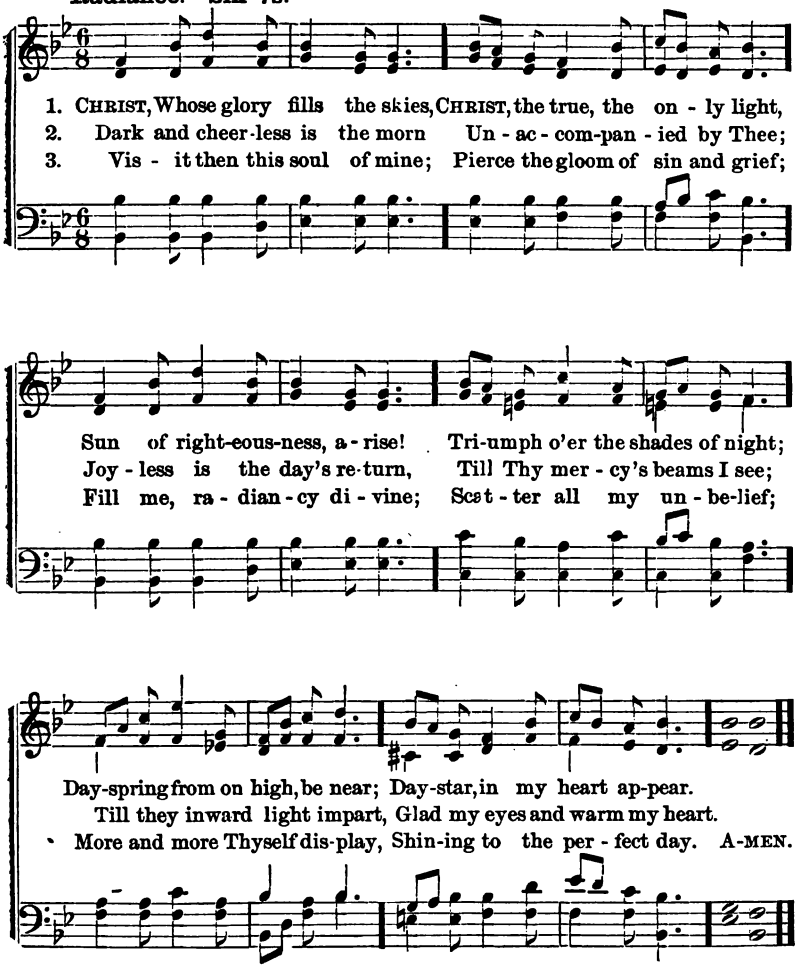
O day of rest and gladness—*Concluded.*

4. To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams

5. New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To HOLY GHOST be praises
To FATHER, and to SON;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.
AMEN.

133. Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.

*Radiance. Six 7s.


1. CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies, CHRIST, the true, the on - ly light,
2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un - ac - com-pan - ied by Thee;
3. Vis - it then this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Sun of right-eous-ness, a - rise! Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
Joy - less is the day's re-turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see;
Fill me, ra - dian - cy di - vine; Scat - ter all my un - be-lief;
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.
Till they inward light impart, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
More and more Thyself dis-play, Shin-ing to the per - fect day. A-MEN.

134. Great God, Who, hid from mortal sight.

Wareham. L. M. W. KNAPP.

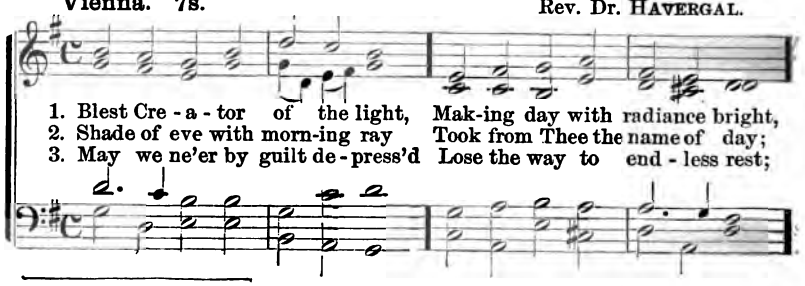
1. Great GOD, Who, hid from mor - tal sight, Dost dwell in
2. A - while in dark - ness we re - main, And round us
3. For Thou hast prom - ised, gra - cious LORD, A day of
4. Too long, a - las! it still de - lays; It lin - gers
un - ap - proach-ed light, Be - fore Whose pres-ence an - gels
yet are sin and pain; But soon the ev - er - last - ing
glad-ness and re - ward; A day but faint - ly im - aged
yet, that day of days! Our mor - tal strife and toil must
bow With fa - ces veiled, in hom - age low;
day Shall chase our shades of night a - way.
here By bright - est sun at noon - tide clear.
cease Be - fore we win its heaven - ly peace. A-MEN.

5. Then, from its fleshly bonds set free,
The soul shall fly, O GOD, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.

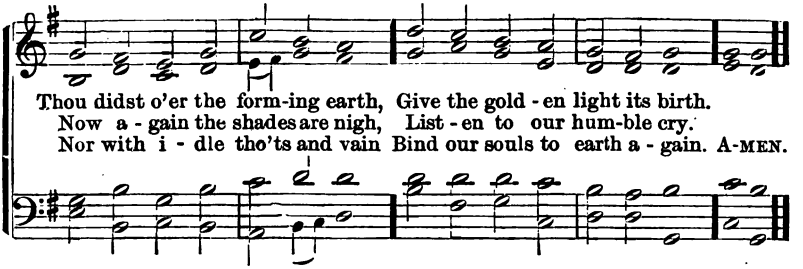
6. Great TRINITY, our hearts prepare,
The fulness of Thy joy to share;
Life's transient light may we improve
And gain eternal light above. AMEN.

135. Blest Creator of the light.

Vienna. 7s. Rev. Dr. HAVERGAL.


1. Blest Cre - a - tor of the light, Mak-ing day with radiance bright,
2. Shade of eve with morn-ing ray Took from Thee the name of day;
3. May we ne'er by guilt de - press'd Lose the way to end - less rest;

Blest Creator of the light—*Concluded.*

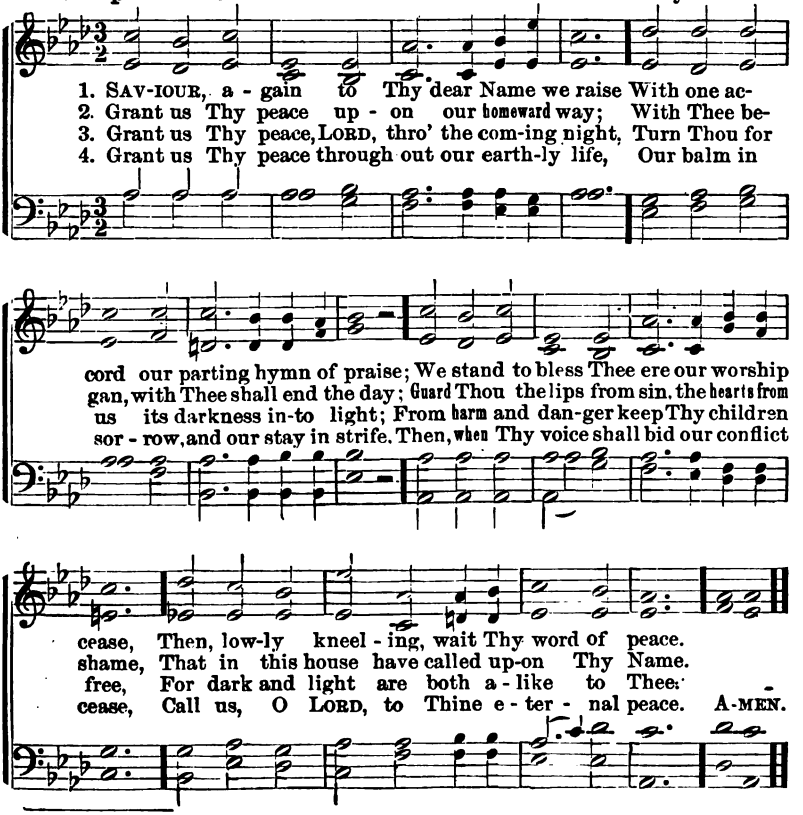

Thou didst o'er the form-ing earth, Give the gold - en light its birth.
Now a - gain the shades are nigh, List - en to our hum-ble cry.
Nor with i - dle tho'ts and vain Bind our souls to earth a - gain. A-MEN.

4. Rather may we heavenward rise
Where eternal treasure lies;
Purified by grace within,
Hating every deed of sin.

5. HOLY FATHER, hear our cry,
Thro' Thy SON, our LORD most high;
Whom our thankful hearts adore
With the SPIRIT evermore. AMEN.

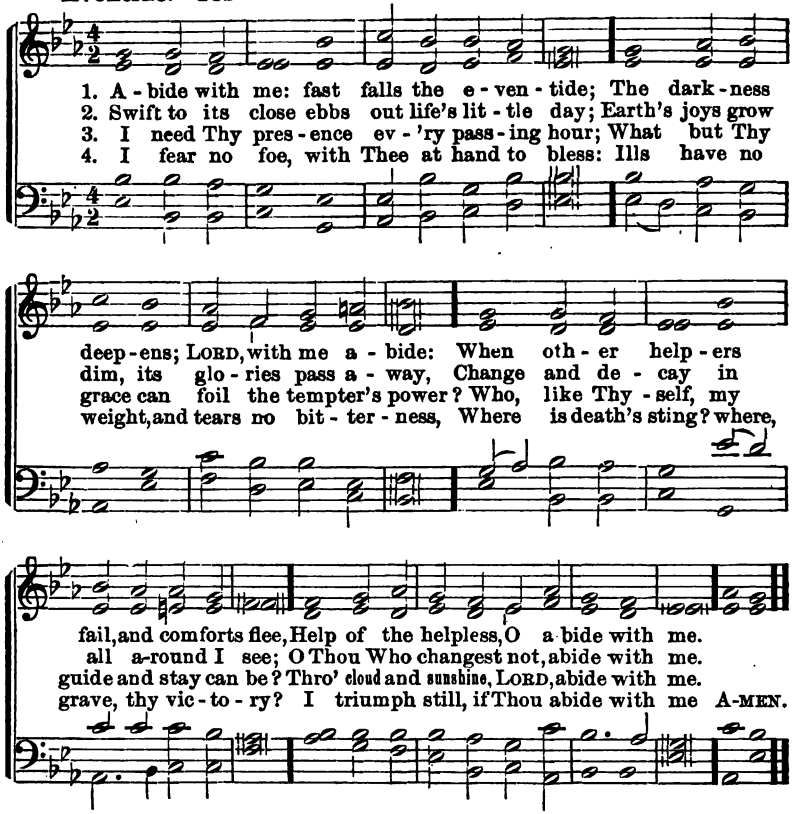
136. Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise.

Compline 10s. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. SAV-IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, LORD, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
us its darkness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy children
sor - row, and our stay in strife. Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease, Then, low-ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy Name.
free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
cease, Call us, O LORD, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A-MEN.

137. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.

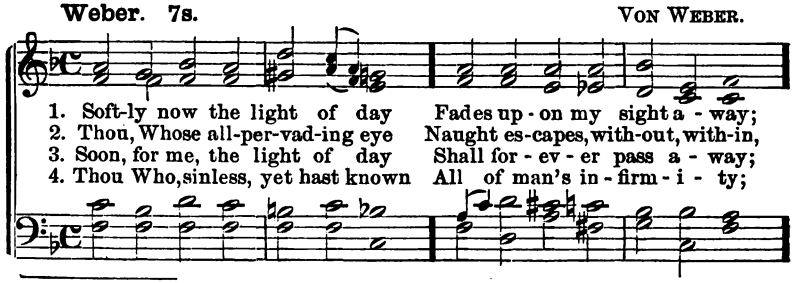
Eventide. 10s. W. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no
deep - ens; LORD, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way, Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness, Where is death's sting? where,
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a bide with me.
all a-round I see; O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me A-MEN.

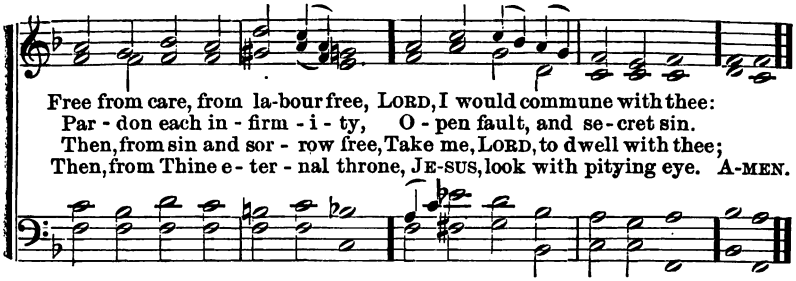
5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. AMEN.

138. Softly now the light of day.

Weber. 7s. VON WEBER.

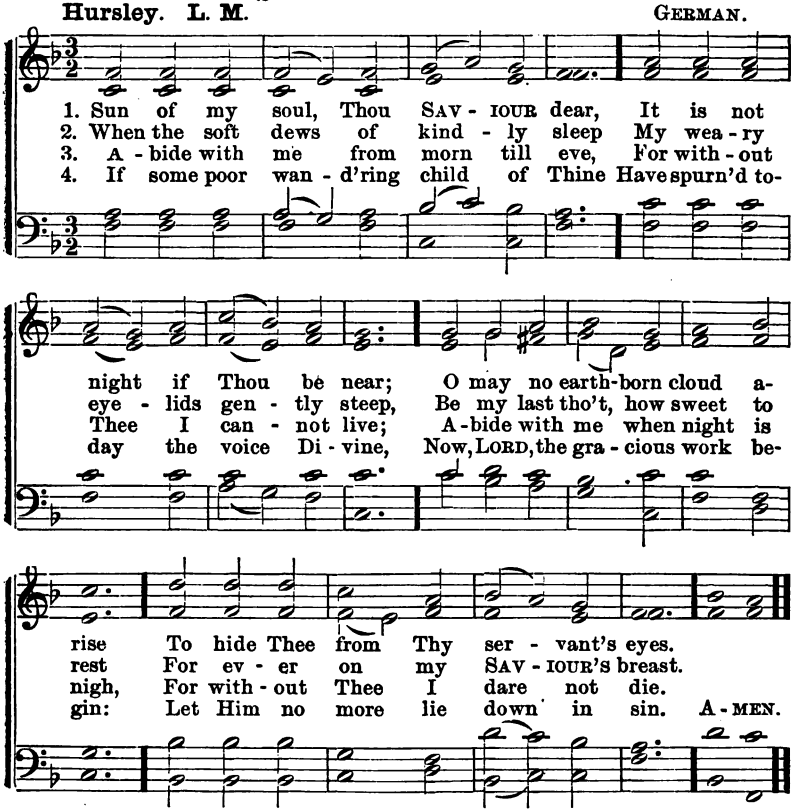

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, Whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Softly now the light of day—*Concluded.*


Free from care, from la-bour free, LORD, I would commune with thee:
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, LORD, to dwell with thee;
Then, from Thine e-ter-nal throne, JE-SUS, look with pitying eye. A-MEN.

139. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

Hursley. L. M. GERMAN.

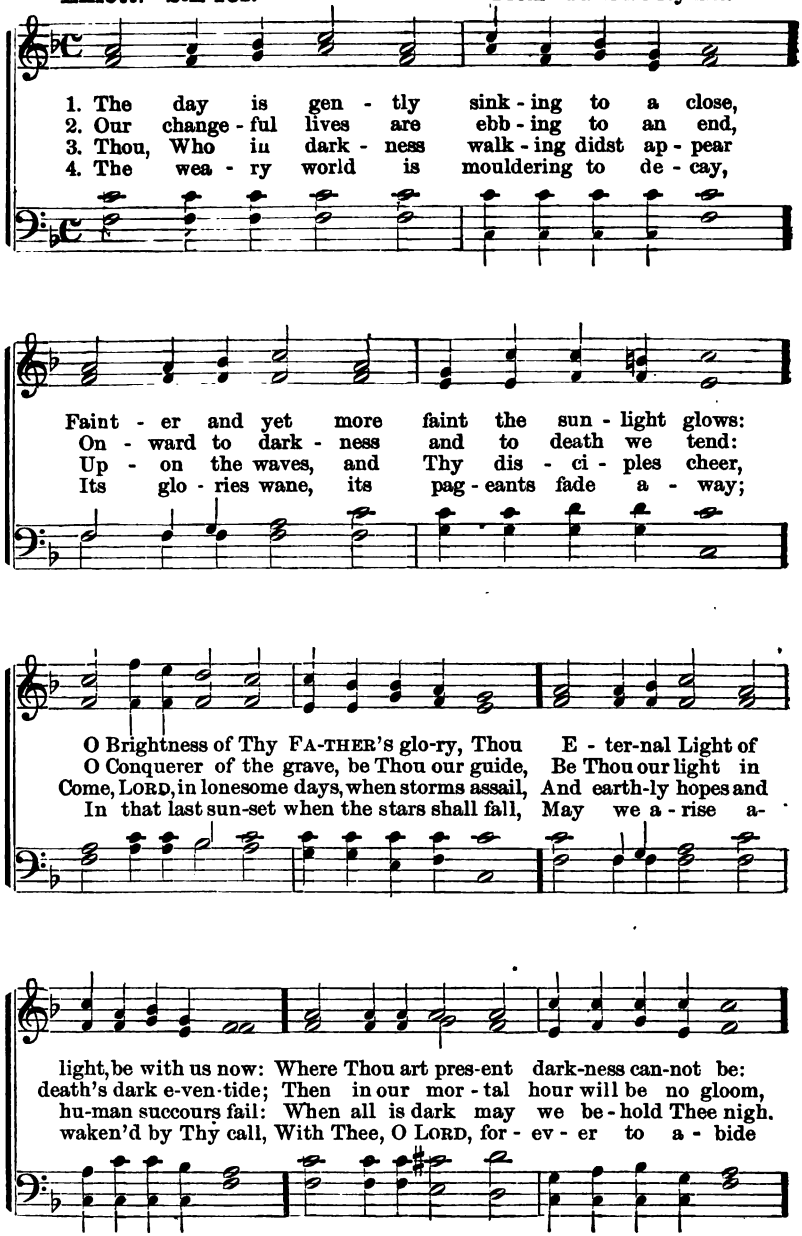

1. Sun of my soul, Thou SAV-IOUR dear, It is not
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out
4. If some poor wan-d'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-
night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud a-
eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to
Thee I can-not live; A-bide with me when night is
day the voice Di-vine, Now, LORD, the gra-cious work be-
rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
rest For ev-er on my SAV-IOUR'S breast.
nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
gin: Let Him no more lie down in sin. A-MEN.

5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

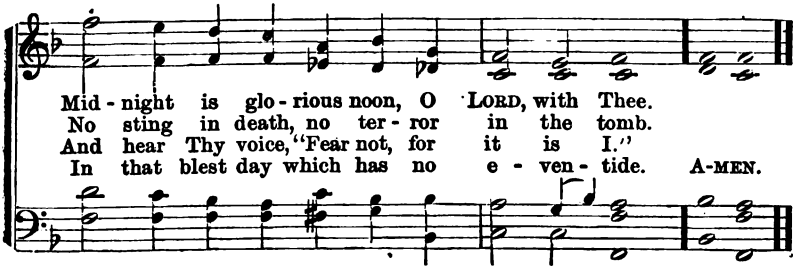
6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

140. The day is gently sinking to a close.

Elliott. Six 10s. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close,
2. Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end,
3. Thou, Who in dark - ness walk - ing didst ap - pear
4. The wea - ry world is mouldering to de - cay,
Faint - er and yet more faint the sun - light glows:
On - ward to dark - ness and to death we tend:
Up - on the waves, and Thy dis - ci - ples cheer,
Its glo - ries wane, its pag - eants fade a - way;
O Brightness of Thy FA-THER'S glo-ry, Thou E - ter-nal Light of
O Conquerer of the grave, be Thou our guide, Be Thou our light in
Come, LORD, in lonesome days, when storms assail, And earth-ly hopes and
In that last sun-set when the stars shall fall, May we a - rise a-
light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres-ent dark-ness can-not be:
death's dark e-ven-tide; Then in our mor - tal hour will be no gloom,
hu-man succours fail: When all is dark may we be - hold Thee nigh.
waken'd by Thy call, With Thee, O LORD, for - ev - er to a - bide

The day is gently sinking to a close—*Concluded.*


Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O LORD, with Thee.
No sting in death, no ter - ror in the tomb.
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
In that blest day which has no e - ven - tide. A-MEN.

141. Inspirer and Hearer of prayer.

Beach. 8s.

1. In - spir - er and Hear - er of prayer, Thou
2. If Thou art my shield and my sun, The
3. A sove - reign Pro - tect - or I have Un-
Shep-herd and Guardian of Thine, My all to Thy cov - e - nant
night is no darkness to me; And, fast as my min-utes roll
seen, yet for - ev - er at hand; Un-change-a - bly faith-ful to
care, I, sleep - ing or wak - ing, re - sign.
on, They bring me but near - er to Thee.
save, Al - might - y to rule and com-mand. A-MEN.

4. His smiles and His comforts abound,
   His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
   And walls of salvation surround
   The soul He delights to defend.

5. All praise to the FATHER, the SON,
   And SPIRIT, thrice holy and bless'd,
   Th'eternal, supreme THREE in ONE,
   Was, is, and shall still be address'd. AMEN.

142. Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee.

*Dunlop. 10s.

1. Thee we a - dore, O hid - den SAV - IOUR, Thee,
2. O blest Me - mo - rial of our dy - ing LORD,
3. Foun - tain of Good - ness, JE - SUS, LORD and GOD,
4. O CHRIST, Whom now be - neath a veil we see,
Who in Thy Sac - ra - ment dost deign to be;
Who liv - ing Bread to men doth here af - ford!
Cleanse us, un - clean, with Thy most cleans - ing Blood;
May what we thirst for soon our por - tion be,
Both flesh and Spir - it at Thy pres - ence fail,
O may our souls for - ev - er feed on Thee,
In - crease our faith and love, that we may know
To gaze on Thee, and see with un - veiled face
Yet here Thy pres-ence we de - vout - ly hail.
And thou, O CHRIST, for - ev - er pre - cious be.
The hope and peace which from Thy pres - ence flow:
The vis - ion of Thy glo - ry and Thy grace. A-MEN.

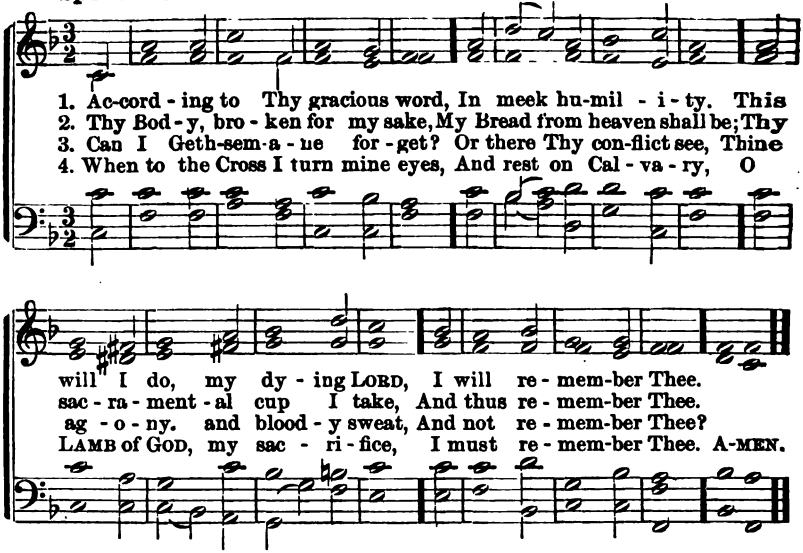
143. Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed.

Redhead, No. 76. Six 7s. R. REDHEAD.

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of
meat in - deed: Ev - er may our souls be fed
sac - ri - fice; LORD, Thy wounds our heal - ing give,
With this true and liv - ing bread; Day by day with
To Thy Cross we look and live: JE - SUS, may we
strength sup-plied, Thro' the life of Him who died.
ev - er be Graft-ed, root - ed, built in Thee. A - MEN.

144 According to Thy gracious word.

Spohr. C. M. L. SPOHR.


1. Ac-cord - ing to Thy gracious word, In meek hu-mil - i - ty. This
2. Thy Bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My Bread from heaven shall be; Thy
3. Can I Geth-sem-a - ne for - get? Or there Thy con-flict see, Thine
4. When to the Cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry, O
will I do, my dy - ing LORD, I will re - mem-ber Thee.
sac - ra - ment - al cup I take, And thus re - mem-ber Thee.
ag - o - ny. and blood - y sweat, And not re - mem-ber Thee?
LAMB of GOD, my sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem-ber Thee. A-MEN.

5. Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

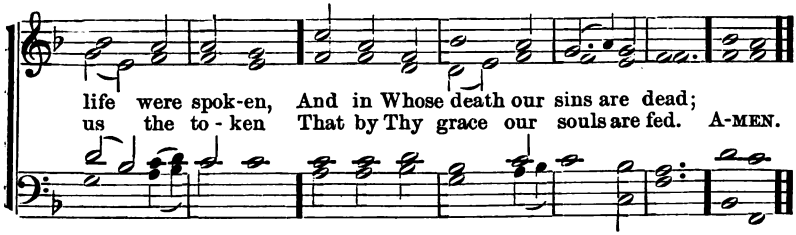
6. And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
JESUS, remember me. AMEN.

145. Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

Eucharistic Hymn. P. M. Rev. Dr. HODGES.

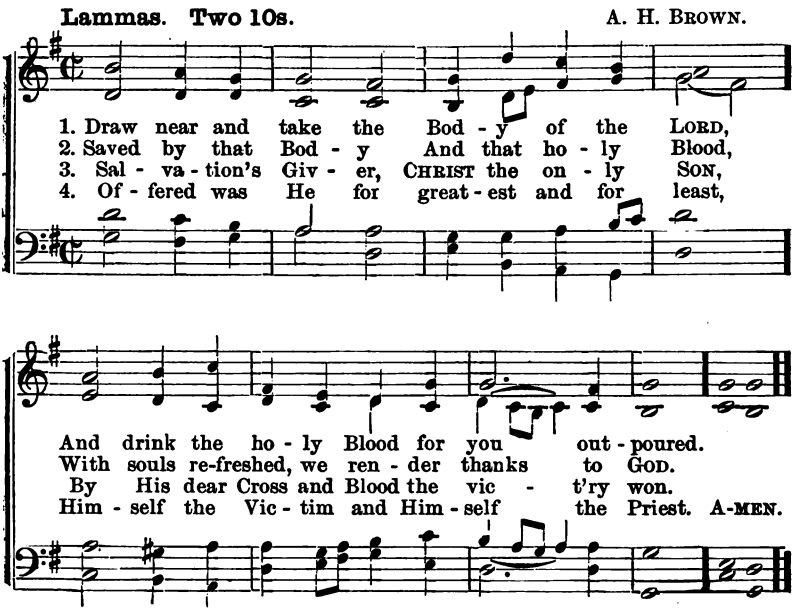
1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the
soul, in mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of
tears by sin - ners shed; And be Thy feast to

Bread of the world, in mercy broken—*Concluded.*



146. Draw near and take the Body of the Lord.

Lammas. Two 10s. A. H. BROWN.


1. Draw near and take the Bod-y of the LORD,
2. Saved by that Bod-y And that ho-ly Blood,
3. Sal-va-tion's Giv-er, CHRIST the on-ly SON,
4. Of-fered was He for great-est and for least,
And drink the ho-ly Blood for you out-poured.
With souls re-freshed, we ren-der thanks to GOD.
By His dear Cross and Blood the vic-t'ry won.
Him-self the Vic-tim and Him-self the Priest. A-MEN.

5. Victims were offered by the law of old
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

6. He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

7. Approach ye, then, with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8. He, that in this world rules His saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

9. With heavenly bread makes them that hunger, whole
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.

10. Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now. AMEN.

147. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.

Northfield. C. M. J. INGALLS.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
A heaven-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
A heaven-ly race de-mands thy zeal, A heaven-ly race de-
A
an im-mor-tal crown,
mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown. A-MEN.
heavenly race demands thy zeal,

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis GOD'S all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4. Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. AMEN.

148. Jesus lives! no longer now.

Saratoga. 7s. 8s.

Rev. Dr. Hodges.
From "Familiar Hymns."

Irregular time.

1. Je - sus lives! no lon-ger now, Can thy ter-rors, Death, ap-
2. Je - sus lives: henceforth is death But the gate of Life im-
3. Je - sus lives: for us He died: Then, a - lone to Je - sus
pal us; Je-sus lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en-
mor-tal; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy
liv - ing, Pure in heart may we a - bide, Glo - ry to our Sav-iour.
thral us. Al - le - lu - ia!
por - tal. Al - le - lu - ia!
giv - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

4. Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5. Jesus lives: to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia. Amen.

149. Oft in danger, oft in woe.

Redhead, No. 48. 7s. Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris-tians,
2. On-ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go, Join the war, and
3. Let your droop-ing hearts be glad: March in heaven-ly
on - ward go: Fight the fight, main-tain the strife,
face the foe; Will ye flee in dan - ger's hour?
ar - mour clad: Fight, nor think the bat - tle long,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
Know ye not your Cap - tain's power?
Vic - t'ry soon shall tune your song. A - MEN.

4. Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5. Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. AMEN.

Courage.

150. What various hindrances we meet.

Mason's Rockingham. L. M. Dr. MASON.

1. What va - rious hin - dran - ces we meet In com-ing to the
2. Pray'r makes the darkened cloud withdraw, Pray'r climbs the lad - der
3. Re - strain-ing pray'r we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's
4. O LORD, in-crease our faith and love, That we may all Thy
Mer - cy - seat! Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
Ja - cob saw, Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love,
ar - mor bright; And Sa - tan trem - bles when he sees
good-ness prove, And gain from Thy ex - haust - less store
But wish - es to be oft - en there?
Brings ev - 'ry bless - ing from a - bove.
The weak - est saint up - on his knees.
The fruits of prayer for ev - er - more. A-MEN.

151. From every stormy wind that blows.

Tune, 150.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

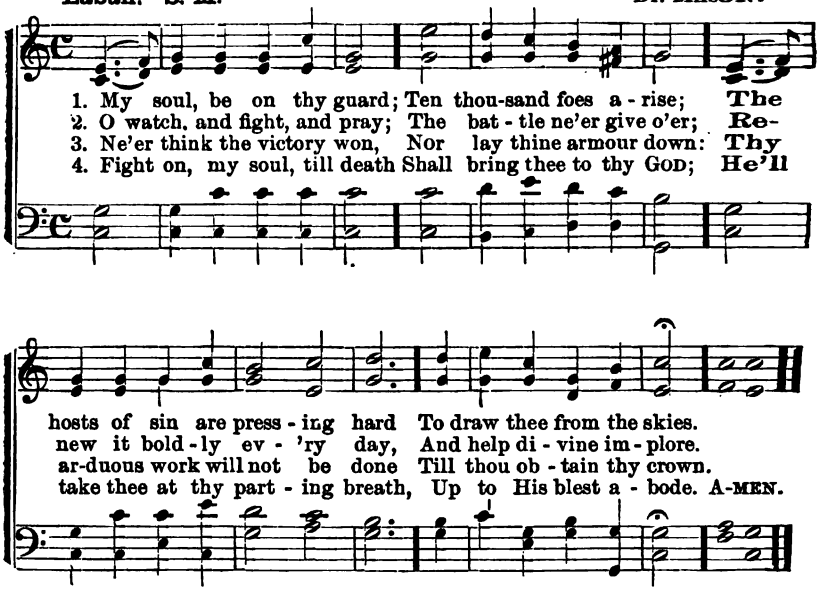
2. There is a place where JESUS sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3. There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4. There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat. AMEN.

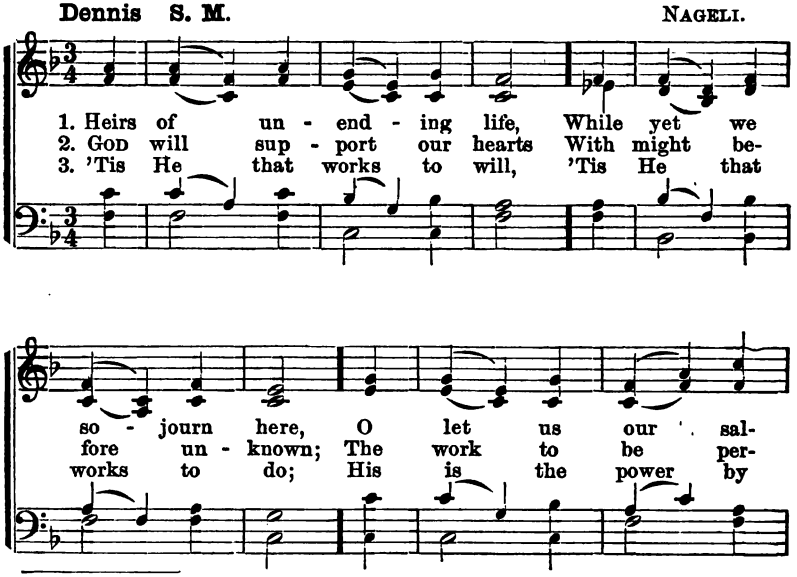
152. My soul, be on thy guard.

Laban. S. M. Dr. MASON.

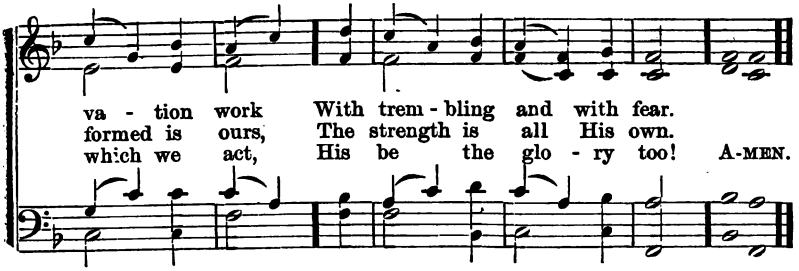

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armour down: Thy
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy GOD; He'll
hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode. A-MEN.

153 Heirs of unending life.

Dennis S. M. NAGELI.

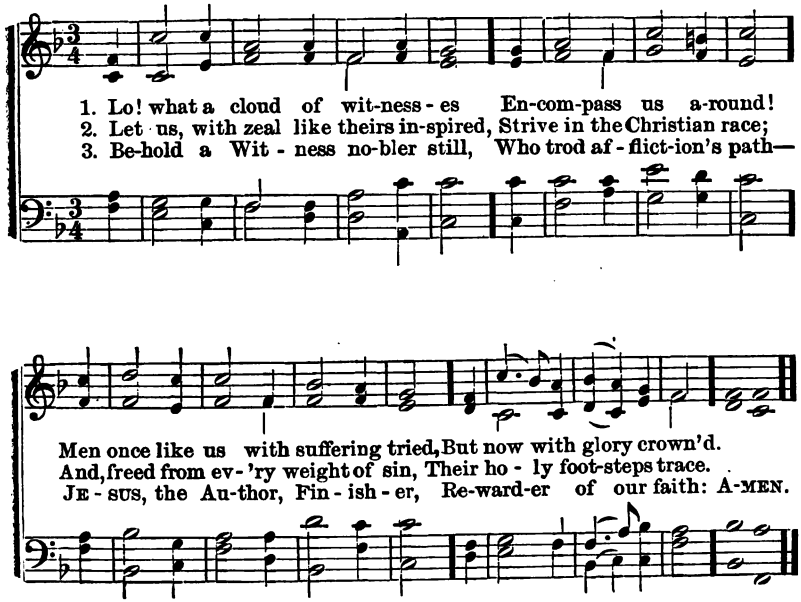

1. Heirs of un - end - ing life, While yet we
2. GOD will sup - port our hearts With might be-
3. 'Tis He that works to will, 'Tis He that
so - journ here, O let us our sal-
fore un - known; The work to be per-
works to do; His is the power by

Heirs of unending life—*Concluded.*



154. Lo! what a cloud of witnesses.

Mear. C. M.

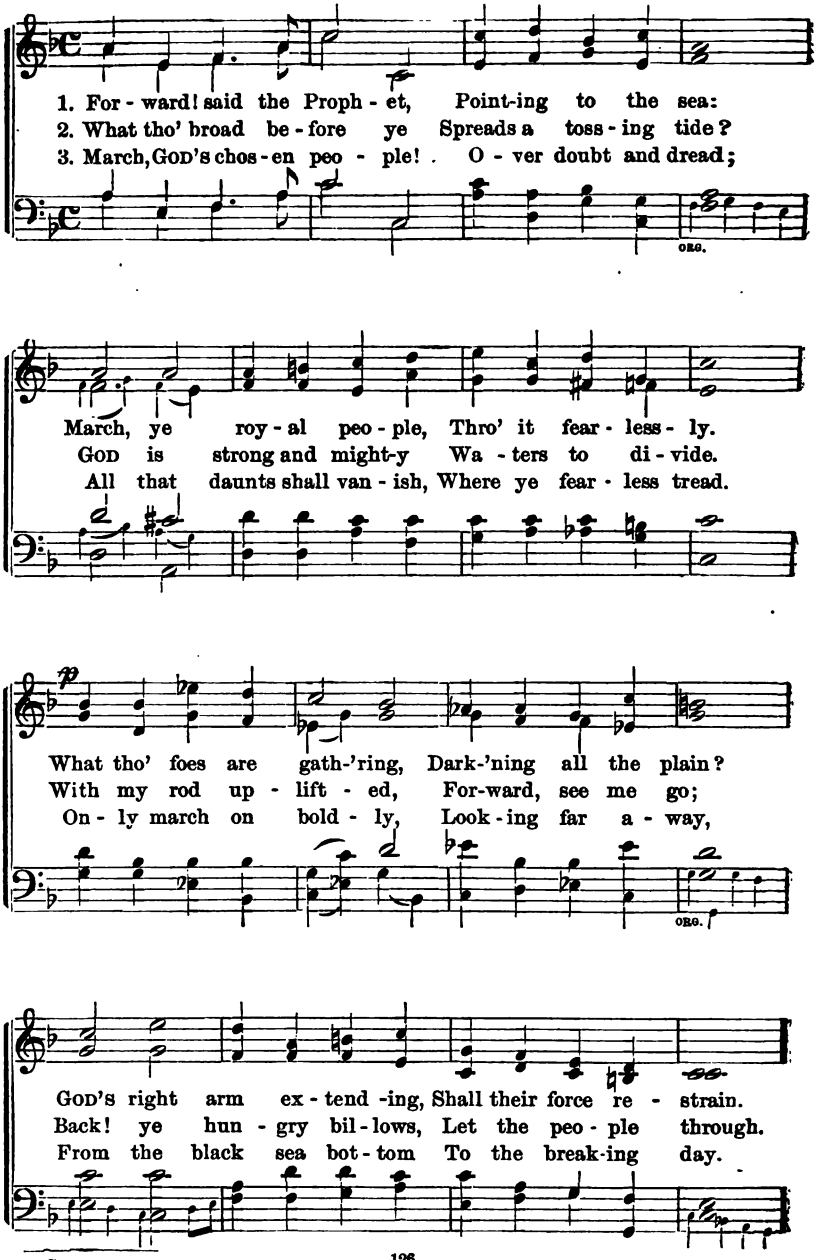

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit-ness - es En-com-pass us a-round!
2. Let us, with zeal like theirs in-spired, Strive in the Christian race;
3. Be-hold a Wit - ness no-bler still, Who trod af - flict-ion's path—
Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glory crown'd.
And, freed from ev-'ry weight of sin, Their ho - ly foot-steps trace.
JE - SUS, the Au-thor, Fin - ish - er, Re-ward-er of our faith: A-MEN.

4. He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

5. Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to GOD'S right hand;
There, with the SAVIOUR and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand. AMEN.

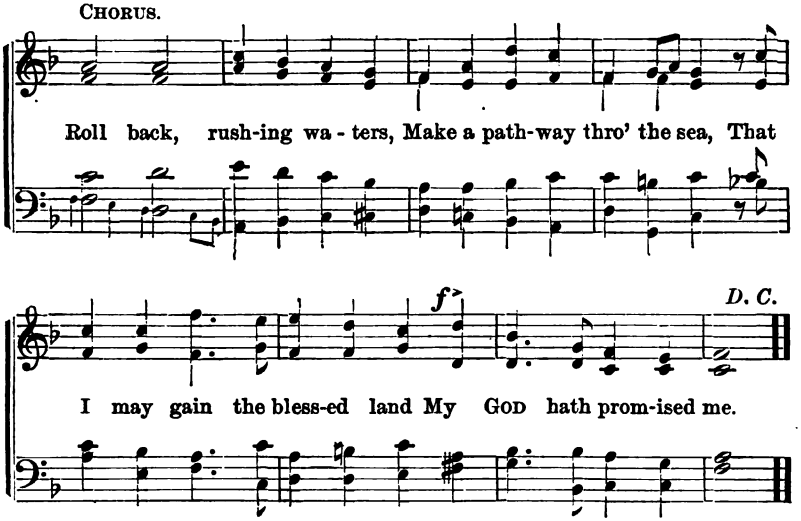
155. Forward! said the Prophet.

Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.


1. For - ward! said the Proph - et, Point-ing to the sea:
2. What tho' broad be - fore ye Spreads a toss - ing tide?
3. March, God's chos - en peo - ple! O - ver doubt and dread;
org.
March, ye roy - al peo - ple, Thro' it fear - less - ly.
God is strong and might-y Wa - ters to di - vide.
All that daunts shall van - ish, Where ye fear - less tread.
What tho' foes are gath-'ring, Dark-'ning all the plain?
With my rod up - lift - ed, For-ward, see me go;
On - ly march on bold - ly, Look - ing far a - way,
org.
God's right arm ex - tend -ing, Shall their force re - strain.
Back! ye hun - gry bil - lows, Let the peo - ple through.
From the black sea bot - tom To the break-ing day.

Forward! said the Prophet—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.



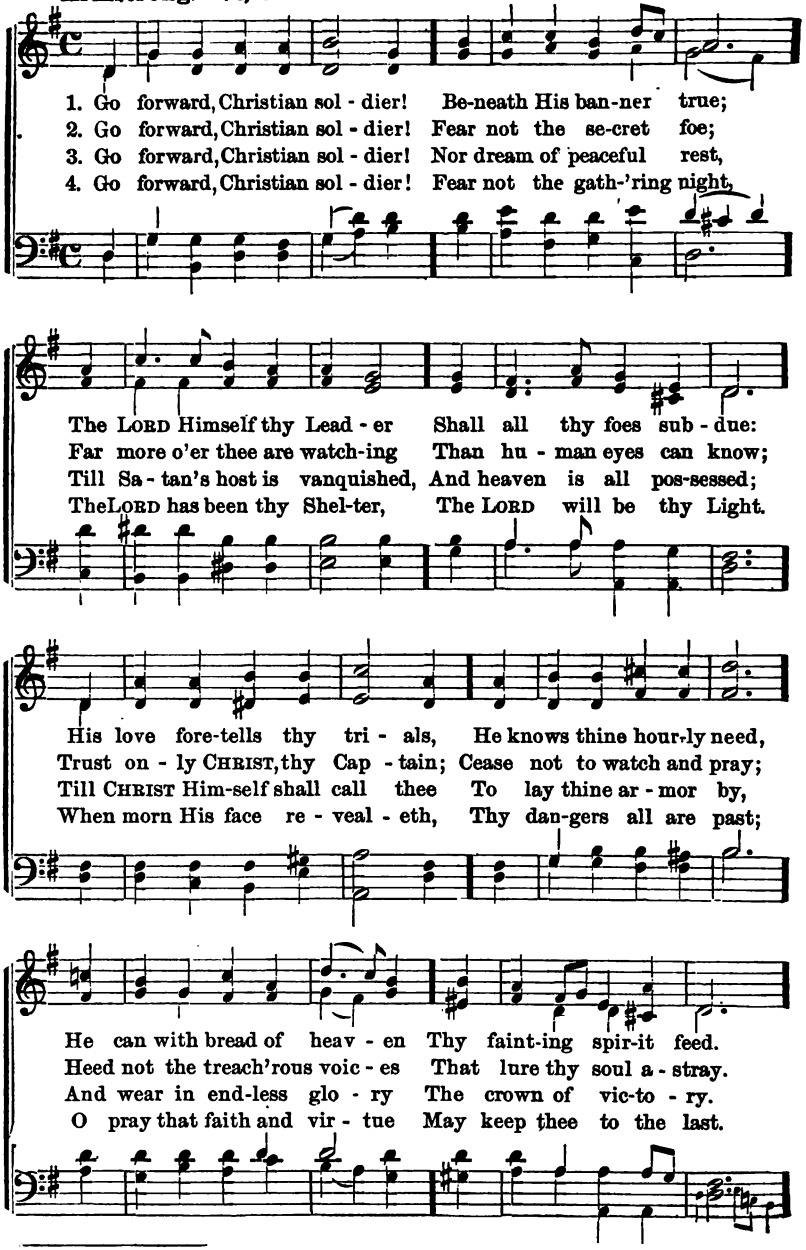
4. Dread not threat'ning billows,
Which like walls uprear;
Dread not hosts pursuing,
Armed with sword and spear.
Wherefore now faint-hearted?
Trust ye in your GOD;
Look on me, your leader,
With uplifted rod.
Roll back, etc.

5. Soon shall all be gathered
Safe on yonder shore,
Foes who long have daunted,
Ye shall see no more.
Looking back shall wonder
What we had to fear;
Marvel how we doubted
That our help was near.
Strike, strike, etc.

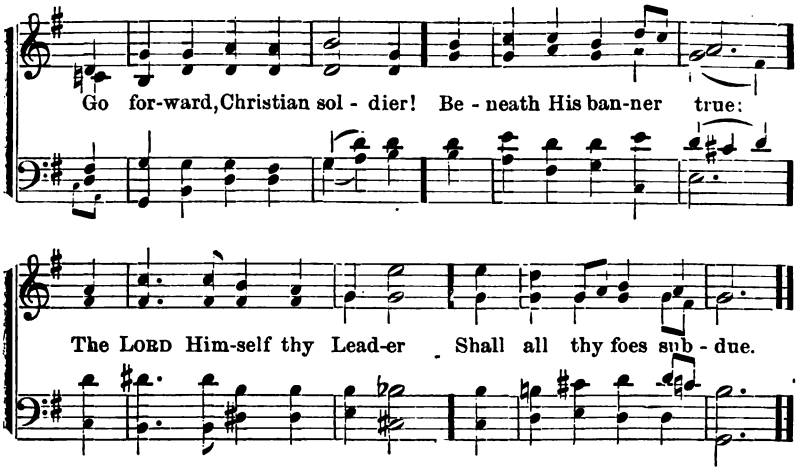
CHORUS. *(For last verse only.)*

156. Go forward, Christian soldier!

*Armstrong. 7s, 6s.


1. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Be-neath His ban-ner true;
2. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Fear not the se-cret foe;
3. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Nor dream of peaceful rest,
4. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Fear not the gath-'ring night,
The LORD Himself thy Lead - er Shall all thy foes sub - due:
Far more o'er thee are watch-ing Than hu - man eyes can know;
Till Sa - tan's host is vanquished, And heaven is all pos-sessed;
TheLORD has been thy Shel-ter, The LORD will be thy Light.
His love fore-tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour-ly need,
Trust on - ly CHRIST, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
Till CHRIST Him-self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by,
When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan-gers all are past;
He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir-it feed.
Heed not the treach'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
And wear in end-less glo - ry The crown of vic-to - ry.
O pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.

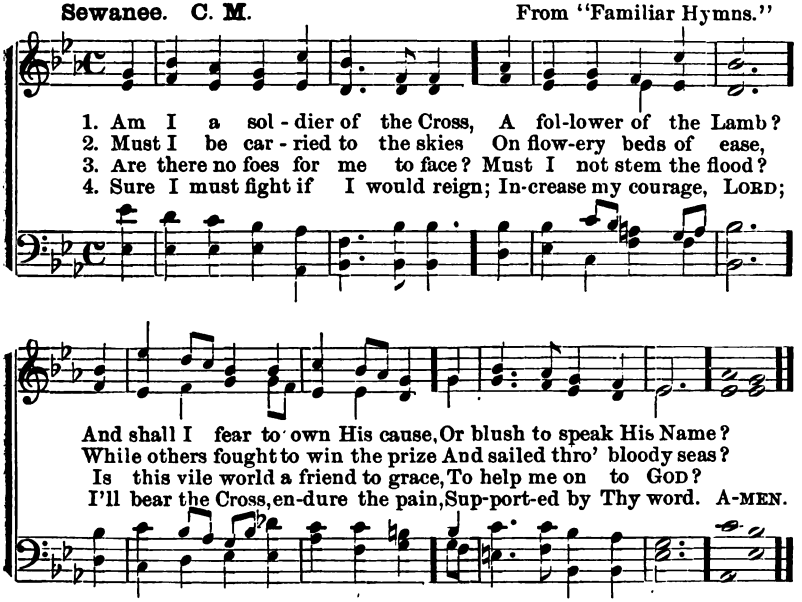
Go forward, Christian soldier—*Concluded.*



157. Am I a soldier of the Cross?

Sewanee. C. M.

P. C. LUTKIN.
From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Am I a sol - dier of the Cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my courage, LORD;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While others fought to win the prize And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to GOD?
I'll bear the Cross, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A-MEN.

5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. AMEN.

Courage.

158. O for a heart to praise my God.

St. Agnes. C. M. DR. DYKES.

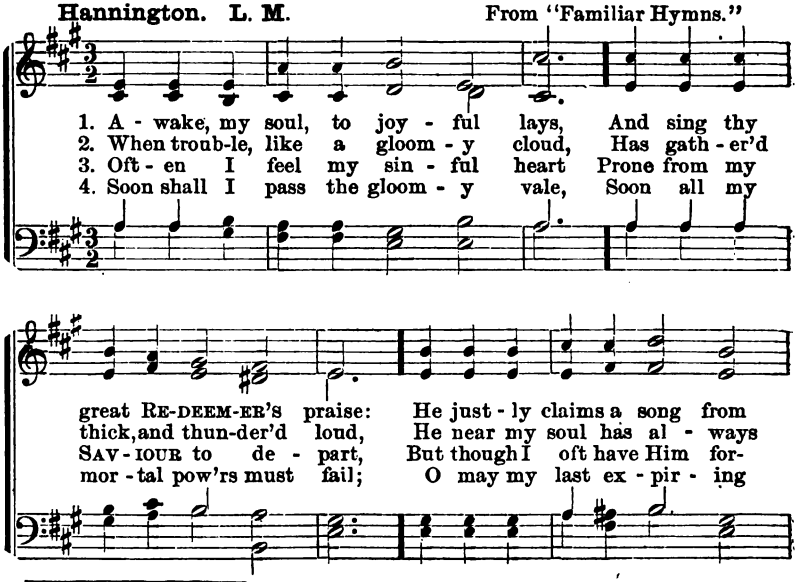
1. O for a heart to praise my GOD, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear RE-DEEM-ER'S throne;
3. An humble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;
Where on-ly CHRIST is heard to speak, Where JESUS reigns a-lone;
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within. A-MEN.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious LORD, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of LOVE. AMEN.

159. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.

Hannington. L. M. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy
2. When troub-le, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - er'd
3. Oft - en I feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale, Soon all my
great RE-DEEM-ER'S praise: He just - ly claims a song from
thick, and thun-der'd loud, He near my soul has al - ways
SAV - IOUR to de - part, But though I oft have Him for-
mor - tal pow'rs must fail; O may my last ex - pir - ing

Awake, my soul—*Concluded.*

thee; His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how free!
stood; His lov - ing - kind-ness, O how good!
got, His lov - ing - kind-ness chan - ges not.
breath His lov - ing - kind-ness sing in death! A - MEN.

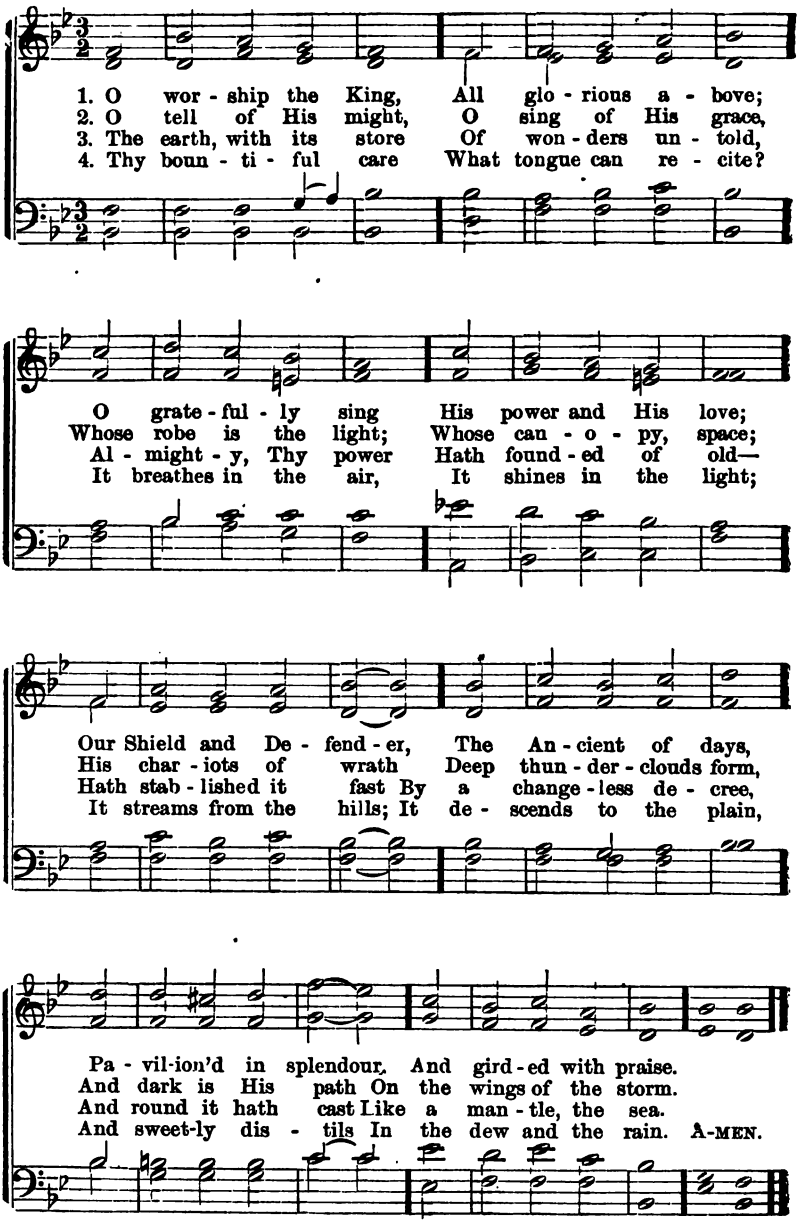
160. All hail the power of Jesus' Name.

Coronation. C. M. O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of JE - SUS' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran-som'd of the fall,
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him LORD of all;
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him LORD of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him LORD of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him LORD of all;
Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him LORD of all.
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him LORD of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him LORD of all.
To Him all maj-es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him LORD of all. A-MEN.

161. O worship the King.

Adoration. 5s, 6s, 5. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. O wor - ship the King, All glo - rious a - bove;
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
3. The earth, with its store Of won - ders un - told,
4. Thy boun - ti - ful care What tongue can re - cite?
O grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love;
Whose robe is the light; Whose can - o - py, space;
Al - might - y, Thy power Hath found - ed of old—
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light;
Our Shield and De - fend - er, The An - cient of days,
His char - iots of wrath Deep thun - der - clouds form,
Hath stab - lished it fast By a change - less de - cree,
It streams from the hills; It de - scends to the plain,
Pa - vil-ion'd in splendour, And gird - ed with praise.
And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.
And round it hath cast Like a man - tle, the sea.
And sweet-ly dis - tils In the dew and the rain. A-MEN.

O worship the King—*Concluded.*

5. Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6. O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise. AMEN.

162. Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

*Ephesus. Six 7s.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, LORD GOD of hosts, e - ter - nal King,
2. Thousands, tens of thousands, stand, Spir - its blest, be - fore Thy throne,
3. Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Veil their fac - es with their wings;
By the heav'ns and earth a-dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Speed-ing thence at Thy com-mand; And when Thy command is done,
Eyes of an - gels are too dim To be - hold the King of kings,
Chanting ev-er-last-ing-ly To the bless - ed TRIN - I - TY.
Sing-ing ev-er-last-ing-ly To the bless - ed TRIN - I - TY.
While they sing e-ter-nal-ly To the bless - ed TRIN - I - TY. A - MEN.

4. Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed TRINITY.

5. Alleluia! LORD, to Thee,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed TRINITY.

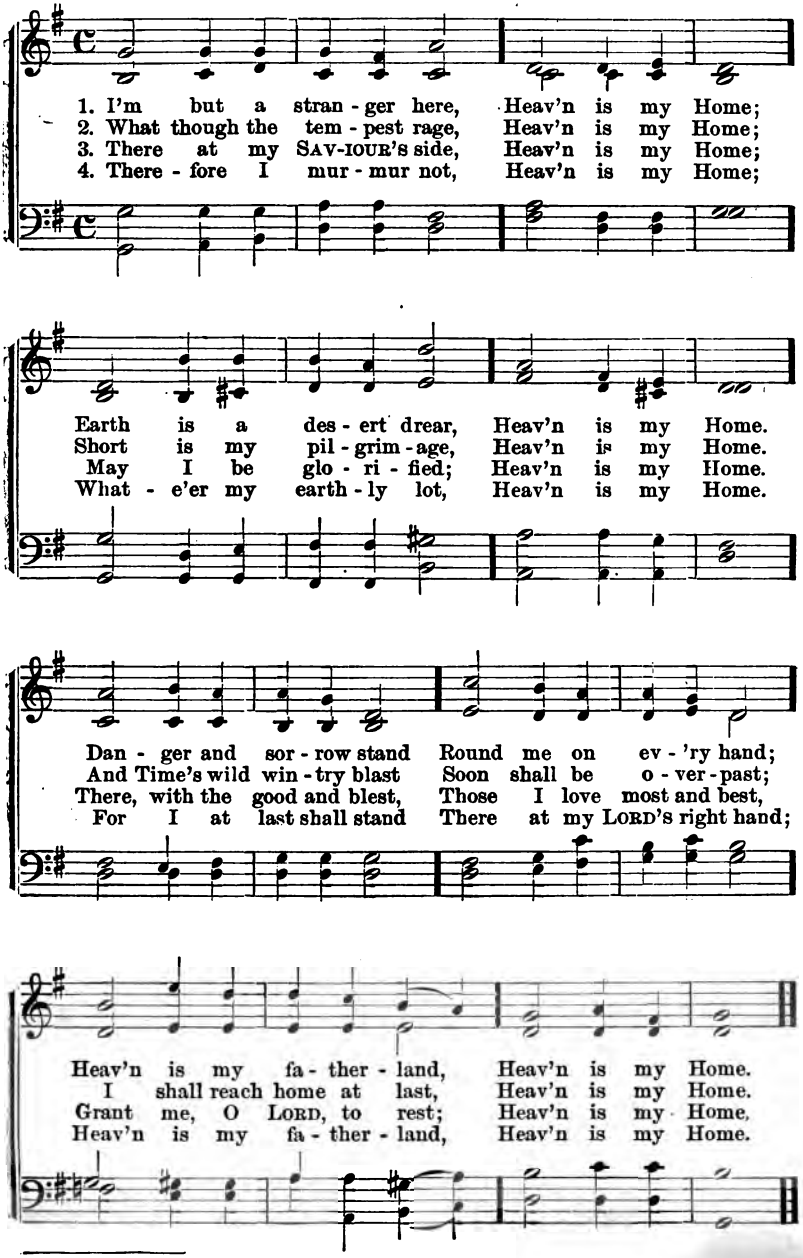
163. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty.

Nicæa. P. M. Dr. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! LORD GOD Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! LORD GOD Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
GOD in Three Per - sons, bless - ed TRIN - I - TY!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
GOD in Three Per - sons, bless - ed TRIN - I - TY. A-MEN.

164. I'm but a stranger here.

St. Edmund. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my Home;
2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my Home;
3. There at my SAV-IOUR'S side, Heav'n is my Home;
4. There - fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my Home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my Home.
Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my Home.
May I be glo - ri - fied; Heav'n is my Home.
What - e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my Home.
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;
And Time's wild win - try blast Soon shall be o - ver - past;
There, with the good and blest, Those I love most and best,
For I at last shall stand There at my LORD'S right hand;
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my Home.
I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my Home.
Grant me, O LORD, to rest; Heav'n is my Home.
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my Home.

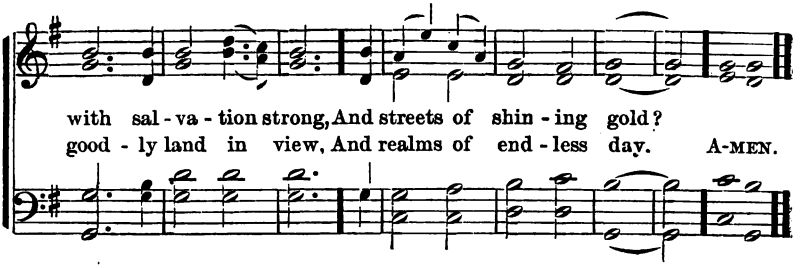
165. Jerusalem, my happy home.

*St. Julia's Chapel. C. M. D.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Name ev - er dear to
Je-ru-sa - lem,
2. There hap-pier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row
There happier bow'rs
me,..... When shall my la - bours have an end In
When shall my
know:..... Blest seats! through rude and storm - y scenes I
Blest seats! through
joy, and peace, and Thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built
on-ward press to you. Why should I shrink from pain and
walls And pearl-y gates be - hold?..... Thy bul - warks,
And pearl-y gates behold? Thy bulwarks,
woe, Or feel at death dis - may?..... I've Ca - naan's
Or feel at death dismay? I've Canaan's

Heaven.

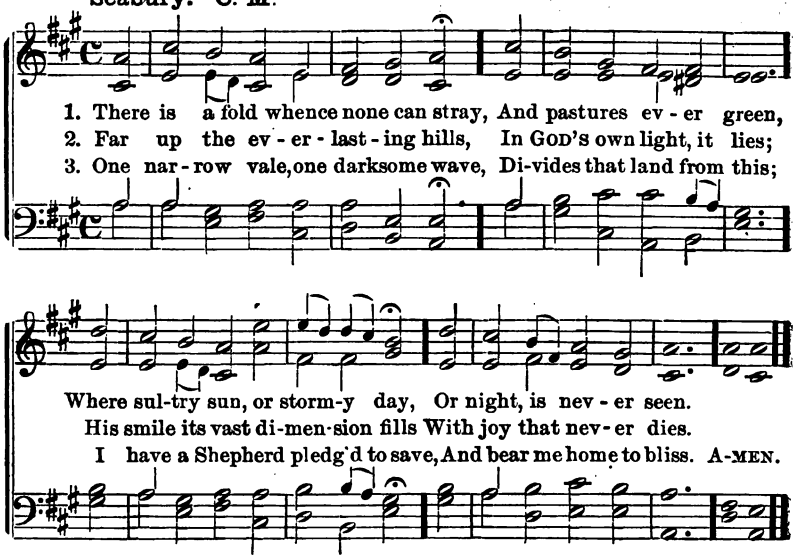
Jerusalem, my happy home.—*Concluded.*



3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my SAVIOUR stand:
And soon my friends in CHRIST below,
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see. AMEN.

166. There is a fold whence none can stray.

Seabury. C. M.

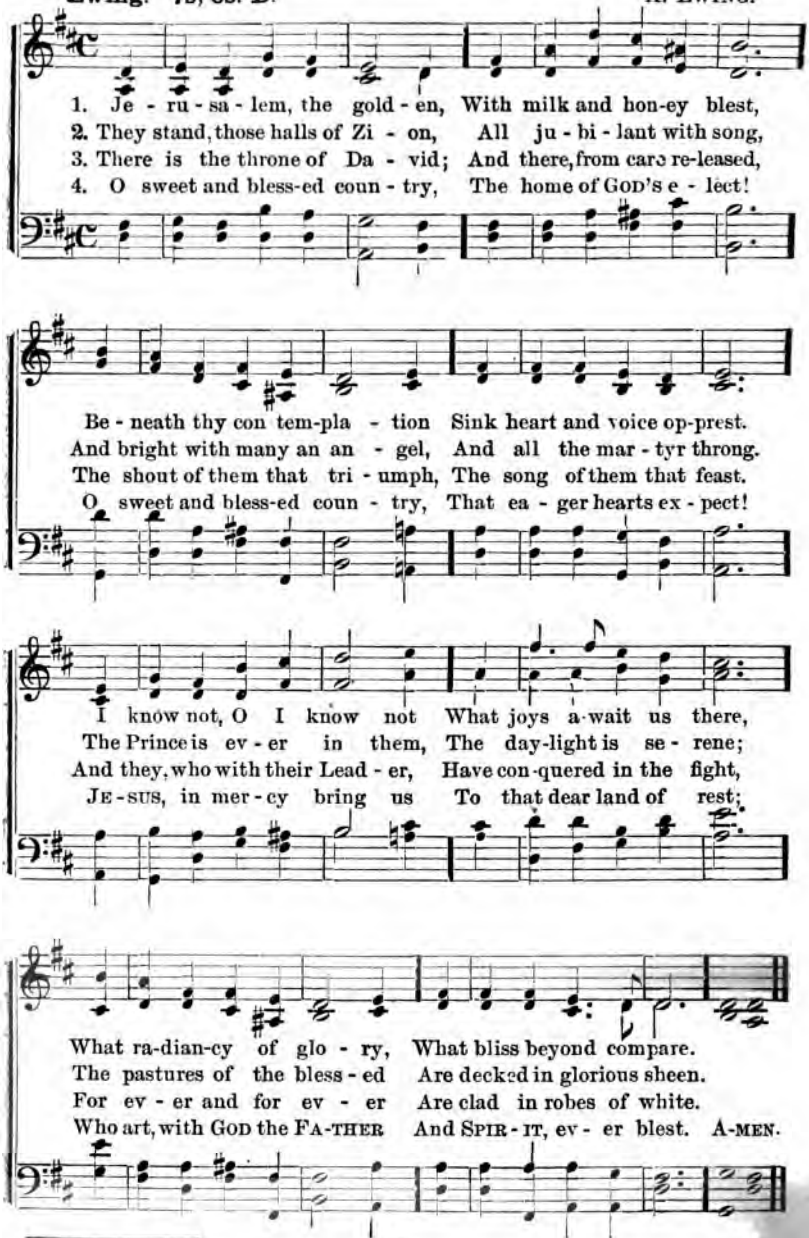

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pastures ev - er green,
2. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In GOD'S own light, it lies;
3. One nar - row vale, one darksome wave, Di-vides that land from this;
Where sul-try sun, or storm-y day, Or night, is nev - er seen.
His smile its vast di-men-sion fills With joy that nev - er dies.
I have a Shepherd pledg'd to save, And bear me home to bliss. A-MEN.

4. Soon at His feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5. Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with Thee, —
My SAVIOUR, this is life! AMEN.

167. Jerusalem, the golden.

Ewing. 7s, 6s. D. A. EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re-leased,
4. O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, The home of GOD'S e - lect!
Be - neath thy con tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O I know not What joys a-wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
JE-SUS, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;
What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with GOD the FA-THER And SPIR - IT, ev - er blest. A-MEN.

168. There is a blessed home.

Celeste. 6s. D. From "Familiar Hymns."

There is a bless-ed home,.....
1. There is a bless-ed home, Be-yond this land of woe,
Where tri - als nev - er come.....
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
And ev - er - last - ing light.....
And ev - er - last-ing light Its glo - ry throws a-round.

2. There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
CHRIST, with the FATHER ONE,
And SPIRIT, evermore.

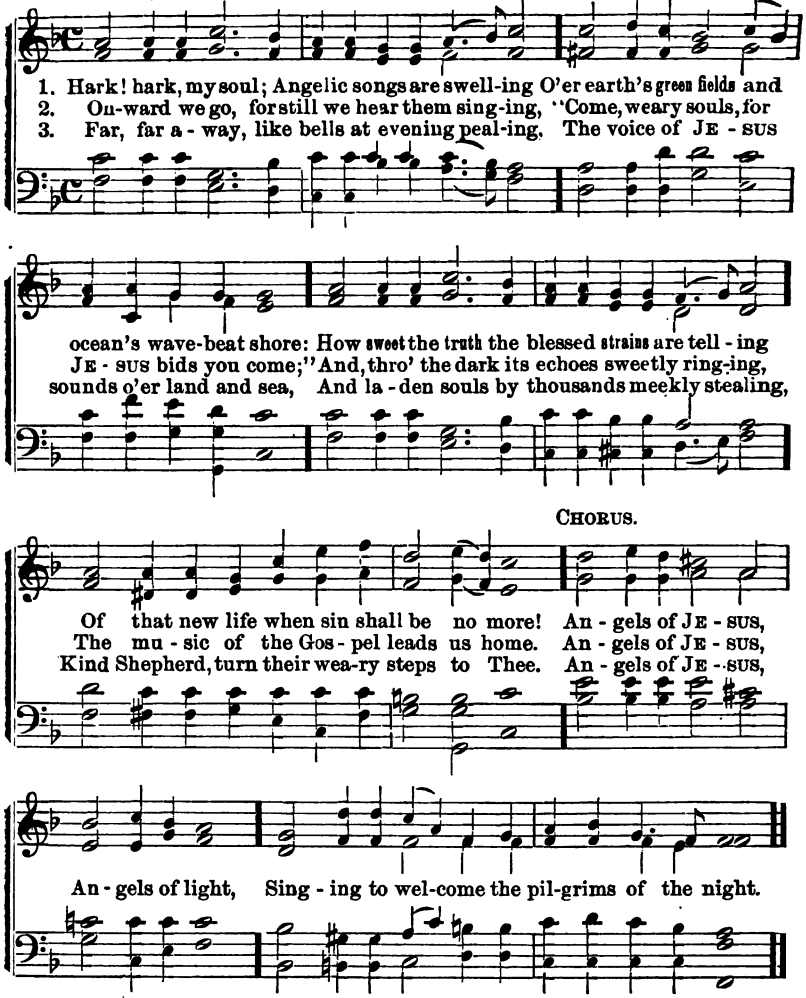
3. O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4. Look up, ye saints of GOD,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your SAVIOUR trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Heaven.

169. Hark! hark, my soul;

St. Mary's, Knoxville. P. M. From "Familiar Hymns."


1. Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of JE - SUS
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth the blessed strains are tell - ing
JE - SUS bids you come;" And, thro' the dark its echoes sweetly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
CHORUS.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of JE - SUS,
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of JE - SUS,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee. An - gels of JE - SUS,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

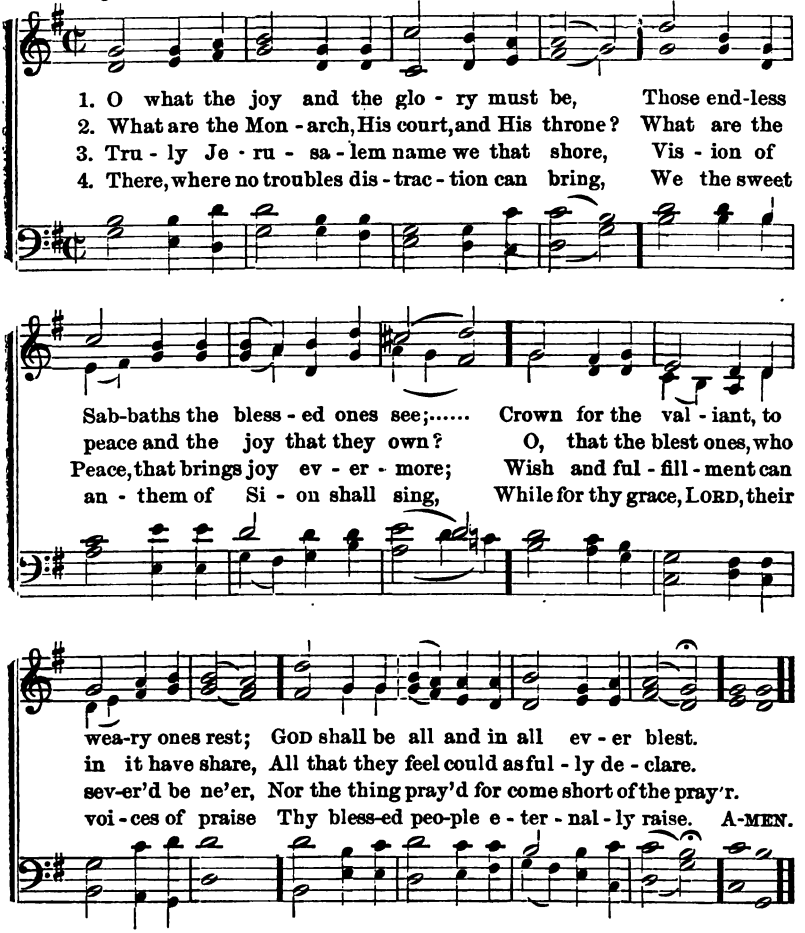
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of JESUS, etc.

5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of JESUS, etc.

Heaven.

170. O what the joy and the glory must be.

O Quanta Qualia. 10s. Ancient Plain Song.


1. O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those end-less
2. What are the Mon - arch, His court, and His throne? What are the
3. Tru - ly Je - ru - sa - lem name we that shore, Vis - ion of
4. There, where no troubles dis - trac - tion can bring, We the sweet
Sab-baths the bless - ed ones see;..... Crown for the val - iant, to
peace and the joy that they own? O, that the blest ones, who
Peace, that brings joy ev - er - more; Wish and ful - fill - ment can
an - them of Si - on shall sing, While for thy grace, LORD, their
wea-ry ones rest; GOD shall be all and in all ev - er blest.
in it have share, All that they feel could as ful - ly de - clare.
sev-er'd be ne'er, Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the pray'r.
voi - ces of praise Thy bless-ed peo-ple e - ter - nal - ly raise. A-MEN.

5. There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6. Now in the meanwhile with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7. Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the FATHER; and in Whom, the SON;
Through Whom, the SPIRIT, with Them ever One. AMEN.

171. Forever with the Lord.

Chalvey. S. M. D. Rev. Dr. HAYNE.

1. For - ev - er with the LORD! A - men! so let it be!
2. My FA-THER'S house on high, Home of my soul, how near
3. Yet clouds will in - ter - vene, And all my pros - pect flies;
Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty!
At times to faith's far - see - ing eye Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!
Like No - ah's dove I flit be - tween Rough seas and storm - y skies.
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,
Ah, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love,
A - non the clouds de - part, The winds and wa - ters cease,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near-er home.
The bright in - her - it - ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove!
And sweet-ly o'er my gladden'd heart, Ex-pands the bow of peace.

172. Go, labor on; spend, and be spent.

*Harris. L. M.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend, and be spent,— Thy joy to
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for nought, Thy earth - ly
3. Go, la - bor on while it is day, The world's dark
do the FA - THER'S will: It is the way the
loss is heaven - ly gain; Men heed thee, love thee,
night is has - t'ning on; Speed, speed thy work, cast
Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still?
praise thee not; The Mas - ter prais - es;—what are men?
sloth a - way; It is not thus that souls are won.

4. Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, Behold I come.

173. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

Casey. 8s, 7s, 4.

1. LORD, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the Gos - pel's
3. And, when e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to
joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing
joy - ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion
call a - way, Borne by an - gels sent from heav - en,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; O re - fresh us,
In our hearts and lives a - bound: May thy pres - ence,
Glad the sum-mons to o - bey, May we ev - er,
O re-fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil-der - ness.
May Thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er Reign with CHRIST in end - less day. A-MEN.

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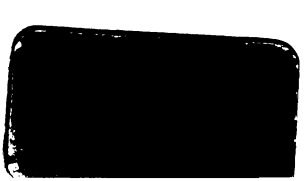

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